Former President **Grover Cleveland** On *The* Young Man *in* Politics

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

McClaypool & R W29 501
Williamsport Pa

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 30 — *Philadelphia, January 26, 1901* — Five Cents the Copy

Bowing respectfully to the past, and rendering justice to the present, we salute the future and true pr[illegible] Montalembert

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

"ANGELUS"

Piano Player

An instrument by means of which any one can play any piano

THE "ANGELUS" is making players of thousands of people who never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music themselves, and pianos that have been idle for years are now being used. Wherever there is a piano an "Angelus" is needed. It is the master-key which unlocks the gates of melody to all. The chief charm of the "Angelus" is that it plays with the touch and technique of an accomplished musician and, at the same time, the individuality of the performer is never lost.

A child that has never before seen a piano can, with the aid of the Angelus Piano Player, render the most difficult compositions in a manner possible to only the most accomplished pianist.

The "Angelus" Orchestral is the original piano player, and with it you can produce effects not possible with any other. Our book T tells all about this, or, better still, if you can make the comparison yourself, you will see wherein it excels others.

Angelus, $225

Angelus Orchestral, $250

WILCOX & WHITE CO.

New York Warerooms:

164 Fifth Avenue

Main Office and Factory,
MERIDEN, CT.

Oh! Jennie, some of the girls came over and they say four boys will be here in a few moments, have we anything in the house for a supper?

Yes, Miss Grace, the Libby goods were delivered yesterday. The Wafer Sliced Smoked Beef, Pork and Beans, Veal Loaf, Potted Chicken and lots of good things that can be made ready in a few moments.

What Luck! We'll have Frizzled beef in the chafing dish, and some of those good beans; you can make sandwiches with the Potted chicken and serve the Veal Loaf cold. That will make a fine supper, won't it?

Every product from Libby's famous Hygienic Kitchens is a purity food article of the highest quality. Libby's food products are put up in convenient size key-opening cans, ready-to-serve. Ask your Grocer. Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells all about them—sent free on application.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

THE WORLD'S CATERERS.

PURE

Quaker Oats

The U.S. Government Standard

for a perfect Army Ration is 4 or 5 parts of Carbohydrates (Starch) to 1 part Protein (Albumen).

Quaker Oats contain 73 per cent. of Carbohydrates and 16 per cent. of Protein, or the proportion of 4½ to 1; the exact Government Standard.

Wheat Foods average 84 per cent. Carbohydrates and 12 per cent. Protein, or the proportion 7 to 1, which does not approach the Government Standard.

Unimpeachable evidence of superiority

FREE **FROLIE** FREE

Fortune-Telling Calendar

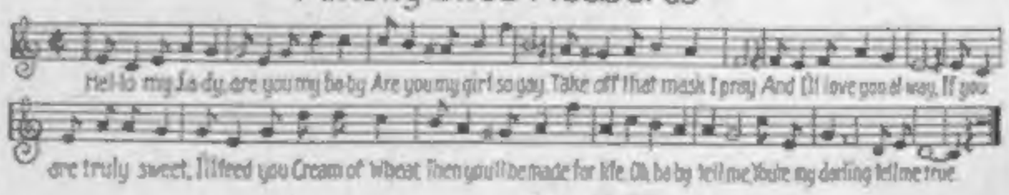
Sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Address Dept. "E,"

The American Cereal Co.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Among Life's Pleasures


Hel-lo my La-dy, are you my Ba-by Are you my girl so gay Take off that mask I pray And Ill love you al way, If you
are truly sweet, Ill feed you Cream of Wheat Then you'll be made for life Oh, ba-by tell me, You're my darling tell me true

Cream of Wheat!

Rich in gluten and phosphates is the most appetizing and invigorating of all cereal foods

With each purchase of two packages your grocer gives you an elegant gravure of Northwestern scenery 13 x 17 inches mounted without mark of any kind

CREAM OF WHEAT CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET — Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Young Man in Politics

By Grover Cleveland

Copyright, 1901, by The Curtis Publishing Company

POLITICS in its best and highest meaning may be defined as the science and practice of government, having for its functions and purposes the promotion of the peace and safety of a State or Nation, and the promotion of its welfare.

It is proposed, however, at this time to give to the term another signification, and, to the American mind, one more familiar. It will best suit our purpose to deal with politics as constituting such an interest and activity in public affairs on the part of our citizens as results in efforts to guide and influence, through party organization, the action and policy of our Government, in such a manner as will, in the judgment of the members of the organization, conduce to the welfare of our people and the prosperity of our country. Of course this effort must include the diligent persuasion of voters to party support, and the earnest presentation of every honest and legitimate inducement to labor for party supremacy. It may readily be conceded that there are those connected with every party who value most in politics the individual benefits they receive, or hope to receive, from partisan victories; but as a general rule these do not dominate party action. No political organization is worth considering that is not based upon certain governmental and fundamental doctrines and beliefs; and no party can be useful or enduring unless it is controlled by those of its members who are disinterested and patriotic. It may also be conceded that in these latter days the heat of party strife has given birth within party lines to harmful intrigue and demoralizing trickery; but these evils are not necessarily related to party organization; they are less influential than they are sometimes supposed to be, and they are largely chargeable to indifference and neglect of civic duty on the part of those who boast of their respectability and plume themselves on their freedom from political contamination.

Whatever undesirable conditions may attach themselves to party organizations, and however plausibly sham respectability and careless citizenship may attempt to excuse their abstention from political activity, two things are absolutely certain: first, that such abstention promotes and strengthens party evils, by giving more room and better opportunity in public affairs to those whose activity is selfish and whose methods are odious; and second, that the failure of any body of our citizens effectively to interest themselves in politics, directly tends to a dangerous perversion of the theory of our Government—which devolves all the functions of governmental power upon the entire body of our people. These considerations plainly lead to the suggestion that not only is it in all circumstances the duty of every citizen to participate in political action, but that if evils have crept into party organizations, and selfish men have obtained a dangerous share of control, so much more is it the duty of citizens whose motives are disinterested and whose purposes are patriotic to come to the rescue.

Thus the interposition of our people in public affairs, which is essential to our national health, should be universal and constant. It should also be studious and intelligent—to the end that as new conditions and exigencies arise in our progressive and restless national life, they may be wisely treated and deliberately judged, in the light of the fundamental principles which we have adopted as the law of our existence as a free and self-governing people.

The Grave Conditions Confronting Us

We have never been free from questions vital to our country's welfare that pressed for decision and settlement before the high tribunal of popular suffrage. It may, however, be truthfully said that the problems now presented to our thoughtful citizenship are of more serious import and involve more stupendous and far-reaching consequences than any that have before arisen in our history. They encroach upon all conservative ideas of the mission and purpose of the American Nation. They confront us with a startling interpretation of American growth and development, and ask us to look with toleration, if not admiration, upon the "hateful mien" of American conquest.

Those who love our country as our fathers planned it are sadly fearing that, even though its staunch framework may withstand the winds and waves of the present storm, it will never be the same again. Our country's anticipated aggrandizement is set against our national morality; and good men are afflicted by the doubtful balance of right and wrong. Other questions which are also of vast importance are crowding upon us for solution. What is the effect upon the general welfare of the trusts and combinations in business enterprises which have lately so tremendously increased among us? With a balance of evil standing against them, how shall they be extirpated or restrained? Has the time come, or can it ever come, when our Government can be justified in appropriating money exacted from all the people to upbuild certain branches of business for the benefit of a few beneficiaries? Still other subjects belonging to the field of politics are pending which deeply concern the welfare of our countrymen. Without especially enumerating these, it is perfectly clear that at this time we stand in urgent need of the kind of citizenship that not only apprehends the importance of present national problems, but is willing to devote time and effort to their proper solution.

Though none should avoid this duty, the young men of our country ought especially to be active in its discharge. The future of the Nation is with them; and as long as the country lasts, its growth and advance must make our future more and more solemn and impressive. The new conditions that now confront us for weal or woe must yield their harvest for the generation just entering upon the scene of citizenship. Their hopes and their aspirations are interwoven with the treatment now accorded to these conditions; and manifestly they are concerned more than all others in their safe adjustment and settlement. On their own account, therefore, they should not leave this to others whose interest in the country is less enduring. Thus for general reasons based upon obligations of citizenship, and for special reasons related to their stake in the future of American free institutions, our young men should identify themselves with political movements.

Their participation, however, should be intelligent, and its direction should be determined by the exercise of the most careful individual judgment. Frequently—perhaps as often as otherwise—young men merely drift in their political action, and without thought or examination adopt the political beliefs of their fathers and follow the same party association. This is not the kind of identification with political movements which young men should accord to their interests in the future national situation, or to their country's well-being. The day should come to every young man when he soberly realizes the necessity of settling for himself and by the exercise of his own intelligent judgment, as a prerogative of citizenship, the political beliefs and the general rules for the conduct of public affairs which he will advocate and support.

Of course his duty is not done when he arrives at a conclusion on this subject; for his identification with politics is by no means useful or complete when he merely contemplates with satisfaction the beliefs he has adopted, and congratulates himself upon the assertion of his political manhood. It remains for him to animate these beliefs with force and power, to the end that they may become effective in the accomplishment of political results. The obvious way by which this can be effected is through association with others holding like beliefs, or, in other words, through party membership. But

Ex-President Cleveland at home

neither the holding of distinct political beliefs nor the mere attachment to a party organization is sufficient to fill the measure of our young voter's political duty, and absolve him from further effort. He should labor for the propagation of his beliefs by actively taking part in the operations of the organization to which he belongs, and by aiding in the maintenance of its strength and vigor.

The idea much too commonly prevails that it is no impeachment of respectability to belong to a party while standing aloof from the details of party management, but that real participation in such management tends to personal discredit and demoralization. This is a great mistake. If it is true that our young men should become seriously interested in political affairs for the good of their country, and for their own benefit as the future occupants of our land, it is perfectly plain that the more practically and energetically this interest is manifested the better will political duty be discharged. Besides, there is no disrepute attached to any legitimate phase of party organization work; and any young man who cannot better appreciate this work than to suppose it to consist of systematic trickery and dishonest intrigue, will do a service to political decency and to his country by forswearing party activity and becoming a political drone. A more general participation in politics on the part of our young men is not desirable for the purpose of adding to the shrewd manipulation and questionable methods of party operation; but rather that these may be corrected by a greater infusion of devotion to party principles for the sake of their usefulness, by a more intelligent and outspoken advocacy of party, and by a clean, earnest strife for party supremacy as a means of national prosperity.

Integrity No Bar to Party Preferment

Those who attach themselves to a party organization determined to operate on these lines need have no fear that they will be thus handicapped in satisfying their natural and laudable ambition to reach a prominence in party councils, or recognition in party representation. Among the members of these organizations all have equal rights and equal voice; and when those whose counsels are patriotic and clean find themselves overruled and disregarded, it can generally be accounted for by their own neglect or lack of self-assertion. Nor should it be forgotten that even in times of low party standards the exigencies of the organization and the recognized necessity of presenting its best material for popular suffrage often forces upon a party the recognition of its most reputable members. It should be added, however, that any weight that attaches to these suggestions rests upon an undesirable party situation, and that they would lose their entire value and relevancy if all our best citizenship were enrolled in political organizations.

Of course no one should, on assuming party membership, arrogate to himself superior political virtue or judgment. His relations to his associates are peculiarly such as need the exercise of concession, and often of compromise of opinion. As long as the patriotic application and enforcement of wise and beneficial political principles are kept steadily in view, and as long as his moral sense, and his regard for self-respecting decency and manliness, are not outraged at the behest of party management, he can properly and consistently go far in the way of concession, and in many matters may surrender his judgment. But his deliberately formed convictions touching fundamental political beliefs, and the teachings of his conscience concerning subjects involving either dangers to our social life, or questions of absolute right and wrong, he cannot surrender to the keeping of any political organization.

The Necessity for Work on Partisan Lines

Party association in defeat as well as in victory, coupled with its assertion of political principles when they are intelligently understood and patriotically and zealously professed, give birth to a love and veneration for a chosen organization which binds its members so closely and so strongly that much of sacrifice will be endured for its sake. Besides, it is difficult for a devoted adherent who believes deeply and earnestly to convince himself that even with many and grievous faults his party cannot serve the country better than any in opposition to it; and underlying all these considerations is the conviction that party association is necessary to the proper accomplishment of our plan of popular government.

These things intensify in the strongest possible way the importance to a young citizen of a deliberate and thoughtful choice of party affiliation, and not less the importance of constant and decent activity in party service. In this way he will aid in keeping the organization to which he is attached true to its principles, and maintaining it as a safe agency for the execution of the people's will; and in this way he will aid in securing for himself the opportunity to labor without perplexity for the doctrines which he believes will subserve his country's welfare, while preserving his affection and devotion for his party without distressing moral misgivings.

What has been thus far said assumes not only the need of party organization in American politics, but it also suggests as a general proposition that effective political action will be found within party lines. These seem at least to be the natural conditions. There has grown up among us, however, a large contingent of independent or unattached voters, whose influence in the decision of public questions by the people cannot be ignored; and many of these unattached and independent voters are young men. This situation indicates either a failure on the part of this portion of our citizenship to give due importance to the effectiveness of political action through party association, or a failure on the part of existing organized parties to present to them satisfactory doctrines or methods. Whatever the reason may be, this abstention from party affiliation gives rise to a belief that the situation ought to receive attention. If a large share of the thousands of our young men who yearly cross the threshold of responsible citizenship are heedless of civic obligations, measures should be taken to stimulate their sense of political duty. If, on the other hand, the condition of parties is such as to repel the most thoughtful and best-intentioned of this constantly increasing contingent of her voters, no time should be lost in applying a remedy. Parties cannot afford to encourage the reënforcement of an independent army which stands ready to engage on either side, and to make or mar the most carefully planned party efforts. It should always be remembered that political action is absolutely voluntary; nor should the peculiar American tendency to insist upon a self-chosen and self-satisfying mode of enjoying individual privilege be overlooked.

There should by no means be an abandonment of fundamental and well-established party principles for the sake of catching voters. Such schemes undermine the virility of party organization, and are resented as tricky devices when subjected to the test of American acuteness. As new conditions arise, however, party principles should be applied to them; and this should be done with the greatest possible care and thoughtfulness, and with a studious exclusion of every disturbing complication arising from sinister addition or confusing statement. Above all things, our people require in political and party action frank, straightforward dealing.

Conscience the Only Safe Political Guide

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter: Every young man should regard political conviction and activity as a prime factor of his citizenship. He should give no place to the notion that there is anything inherently disreputable or contaminating in party association. He should not permit a too self-satisfied estimate of the infallibility of his own judgment to prevent the legitimate concession necessary to usefulness in party organization. He should, however, insist upon an honest adherence and devotion to the standard under which he has enlisted, and should never surrender his liberty of conscience. On the other hand, parties should never be used as instrumentalities of political trickery and chicane, but should rather be regarded as agencies related to the operation of the best of human governments. They should be built upon foundations of beneficent principles and patriotic motives. They should be consistently tenacious of their creeds, earnestly outspoken in their advocacy, and watchful against the approach of false doctrine; and last, but by no means least, they should be fair and clean in their methods and in their relations with their members, they should be generous in the interchange of counsels, and tolerant of individual judgment.

These requirements must not be regarded as fanciful if, in these days of emergency and menace, we are to find safety and confidence in the love of our people for their country, and in their intelligent and patriotic obedience to the demands of political duty.

How Our Congressmen Live in Washington

By René Bache

THE ambition to legislate for seventy-six millions of people assumes a variety of aspects with different individuals. Most men, it is true, want to go to Congress for the sake of the distinction of holding a seat in that body, but whereas some enjoy the power it gives, others are more eager for the salary attached to it, and others yet regard as of most importance the social and other non-political advantages offered to the statesman resident in Washington. In this last category are chiefly included persons of wealth, some of them Senators, who, having no other serious occupation, like to play at politics under such agreeable circumstances as are afforded to a rich man occupying such a position at the capital of the nation.

When a man has succeeded in piling up all the money he has any use for, and finds himself discontented with an idleness to which perhaps he has earned a right by many years of hard work in the business of fortune-seeking, he is apt to aspire to political honors. The Senate is, of course, a place of the highest dignity, its duties are not too laborious, and a residence in Washington offers not a few attractions for a man of wealth. And thus it comes about that among the ninety honorable gentlemen at present composing what is sometimes called the Upper House, there is a liberal sprinkling of millionaires. It is by no means true that the Senate has become a "millionaires' club," as has been sometimes alleged, for a majority of the members have little or nothing besides their salaries to live upon, but there is a comfortable minority of men of large and even great means, whose private palaces, scattered over the capital city, are objects of wondering interest to visiting tourists when pointed out by local guides and Washington hack-drivers.

Disappearance of the Old-Time Senators

The millionaire Senator is a post-bellum product; before the Civil War he was unknown. In those earlier days the typical member of the Upper House was a sort of "show" statesman, highly gifted in respect to oratory, saturated with a sense of his own dignity, and clad in a long-tailed coat of black or dark blue, ornamented with large brass buttons. Frequently he drank hard—a custom much more in fashion then than now—and, if he came from the South, there was an underlying suggestion about him of a readiness to fight on very slight provocation, with pistols, preferably, if he felt that his honor was in any way impugned.

Typical of that bygone epoch were such men as John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. They were demigods, to whom ordinary mortals looked up with reverence and awe. In them was personified the "Senatorial dignity" which saw its last adequate representatives in Conkling, Ingalls, and a few of their contemporaries. Under their régime was maintained the doctrine of etiquette that no new member of the august body should venture a speech until at least two years of his membership had elapsed. There were also other hidebound restrictions, all of which have been swept away within the last few years by an influx of new Senators inspired with a determination to talk as they wish, and who are without respect for legislative traditions.

Great fortunes built up during and soon after the Civil War brought a good many men into the Senate, but it was not until after 1870 that millionaires began to be common in that body. Since then has been shown a strong tendency on the part of persons of large means, whether acquainted or not with the art of statesmanship, to gravitate in the direction of the Upper House of Congress. They have adorned Washington with some of its most magnificent residences, and to-day they contribute much to the social brilliancy of the capital city, giving frequent and costly entertainments, and so far identifying themselves with the holiday town on the banks of the Potomac that, when failure of reëlection brings their political careers to a close, they usually continue to make their homes in that beautiful city.

Obviously, it would be a mistake to assume that every millionaire in the Senate is a member of that body by reason of his wealth alone. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, who was graduated from the House by reason of merit, is only incidentally a rich man. The inheritor of large means,

and belonging to a distinguished Massachusetts family, he was in some degree a celebrity before he went to Congress, having already made himself known as a historian and litterateur, as well as to some extent as a politician. His house in Washington, on Massachusetts Avenue, is of brick with a double frontage, and its interior is both spacious and beautiful. Many handsome entertainments are given there, which have the old New England quality of extreme exclusiveness. Mr. Lodge himself is above all things a man of books, and not the poorest member of the national legislature is a harder or more persistent worker than he.

Mr. Depew and His Splendid Establishment

Of a very different type is Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who, having accomplished pretty nearly every other reasonable ambition in life, has chosen to cap the climax of his career by going to the Senate. For a generation he has been the most confidential friend and adviser of the Vanderbilts—a relation which has put into his way legitimate opportunities of becoming a multi-millionaire. Above all things he prizes and courts popularity—the pet name "Peach" Depew is a delight to him—and he is never so happy as when speaking at a public banquet, with the echoes of applause ringing in his ears.

Many people think that the handsomest house in Washington is that of Senator Eugene Hale, which stands on the northeast corner of Sixteenth and K Streets. It is of great size, and built in a somewhat modernized Colonial style. The Senator is himself a rich man, but the bulk of his fortune was inherited by his wife from her father, old Zach. Chandler. He is notably a ladies' man, and a bon vivant of the first water, fond of entertaining and of all the good things of life, excepting only a cigar—for he does not smoke. Unexcelled as a host, he gives as good dinners as are to be eaten in Washington, and now and then he invites his men friends to a large and elaborate luncheon in his committee-room at the Capitol.

Mr. Hale's only proper rival in the Senate as a bon vivant is Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, who is also a very rich man and socially conspicuous not only by reason of his wealth, but also on account of his personal popularity and taste for entertaining. Long ago he earned a reputation as the gourmet of the Upper House par excellence, his appetite for edibles and drinkables being of the most costly kind, while his cigars are probably not excelled in quality by those manufactured expressly for the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Quay's failure of reelection two years ago came only a short time after the completion of the large double red brick house with stone facings which he built on K Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, and this lent apparent confirmation to a superstition that has grown up in Washington, that a member of Congress who ventures to put up a dwelling for himself in the expectation of remaining permanently at the capital is likely to suffer political misfortune.

Next door to Mr. Quay's house is the beautiful dwelling, pure Colonial in style, of Senator Elkins, and only a couple of blocks away, on the northeast corner of Fifteenth and L Streets, is the equally magnificent residence of Senator Proctor, of Vermont, formerly Secretary of War—a huge edifice of brick. Yet another couple of blocks distant is the house of the richest man in Congress, Mr. Sprague, of Massachusetts, who acquired a fortune of $15,000,000 with his wife, a granddaughter of William F. Weld, of Boston. Mr. Sprague, who is only a Representative, occupies the mansion originally built by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, and subsequently purchased by Mr. Levi P. Morton, who once made it the centre of fashion in Washington.

In one sense, the greatest social sensation ever made by a Senator in Washington was created by Mr. Tabor, a millionaire mine-owner of Colorado, who was appointed to fill out an unexpired term during the lifetime of the Forty-seventh Congress. He was a member of the Upper House for only thirty days, but he made that short month memorable in more ways than one. An energetic young man in his employ, who had been in the newspaper business, acted as his private secretary and factotum, introducing him into the inner circles of fashion at the capital, and incidentally advertising broadcast through the public prints the weird and wonderful wardrobe of his chief.

Very Rich Members are in a Minority

Among the Senators who have residences in Washington approaching the palatial in style are Mr. McMillan, of Michigan, Mr. Foraker, of Ohio, Mr. Fairbanks, of Indiana, and Mr. Wetmore, of Rhode Island. Mr. W. E. Chandler—the little man with the black-rimmed eyeglasses, whose sharp tongue is so dreaded in debate, and whose Senatorial dignity does not forbid his riding a bicycle—occupies a handsome brick house on K Street, just back of the Normandie Hotel. On the other hand, many members of the Upper House live at hotels, and some of them even in boarding-houses. Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, lives at the Normandie, and the dignified Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, at the Richmond, opposite the Metropolitan Club. Not long ago an enterprising but ignorant newspaper correspondent wrote of Mr. Hoar as a millionaire, but the senior Senator from Massachusetts denied the imputation in mild but express terms, stating that he had never had more than $1800 a year outside of his salary, and that his expectation of future income was much less than that.

Massachusetts, as a rule, sends the richest Representatives to Congress, Mr. Sprague being the most conspicuous example at present. Millionaires, however, have at no time been numerous in the House. Mr. James W. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, New York, comes in that category, having married a daughter of William R. Travers, once so famous for his jokes and his stutter. He is prominent in society, his house, of Colonial architecture, being in K Street, between Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth. Another member of large wealth is Mr. Dalzell, of Pittsburg, who lives in New Hampshire Avenue above Dupont Circle, and yet another will be Colonel Edward Morrell, whose wife was a Miss Drexel, and who has taken a large house at Sixteenth and K Streets, diagonally opposite Senator Hale's mansion. Barring Mr. Sprague, the richest member of the House is Mr. Hitt, of Chicago, who occupies an old-fashioned but very substantial residence at the corner of Fifteenth and K Streets.

The Many Who Board or Live at the Hotels

Four-fifths of the Congressmen, including both Senators and Representatives, live either at hotels or boarding-houses, though the proportion of householders among members of the Upper House is much larger, partly because they are elected for six years, and so have a certainty of long residence in Washington to make it worth while for them to establish their Lares and Penates on a permanent footing at the capital. Unless the legislator has means outside of his salary he can hardly afford to set up housekeeping on his own account, because of the many demands he is required to meet, under such circumstances, especially in the way of entertaining. If he is a Senator, and keeps house, he must give a reception once a week during the season, to which every chance comer is supposed to be invited. He will have to keep up appearances in a general way on a scale appropriate to his position, and he soon finds his expenses outrunning the $5000 per annum which Uncle Sam pays him.

It is hardly possible for a member of Congress to make any figure in the social life of the capital on less than $20,000 a year, and he may easily spend $100,000 per annum without immoderate display. On the other hand, the poor man who comes to Washington as a legislator may get along on very little money indeed. It is not true, as commonly alleged, that Washington is an expensive place to live in, unless one chooses to make it so. Rents are decidedly low, and on Capitol Hill, which is the cheap end of the town, a nice house may be rented for $30 or $35 a month. Many Representatives pay not more than $10 a week for board and lodging, and a decent room with meals may be obtained for as little as $7.

In Pierrot's Garden

By Bliss Carman

I

RAIN or sunshine, all day long
A little bird sings in my heart,
And the cadence of his song
Does not falter nor depart.

Forest note or orchard call
That small music cannot drown;
And his music strain survives
All the turmoil of the town.

He first came to live with me
On a morning long ago,
When your mocking mouth, Pierrette,
Smiled a wistful, "Ah, Pierrot!"

II

All day long I walk
Through a beautiful garden of flowers,
Musing, glad and serene,
And take no count of the hours.

No man has seen my garden;
Alone where the great sun fills
The world with a silent magic,
It prospers among the hills.

And all night long in summer,
In the odorous forest air,
I lie awake and wonder
That earth should be so fair.

And when a great burning star
Comes over the hill each night,
There blows in my mountain garden
A moonflower wondrous and white.

Who moves by the open window?
Who tries the latch of the door?
Has the wind of the hills a footstep
To sound on my entry floor?

Yet I dream that my moonflower rises
From her bed and comes to me,
In garments fragrant with ottar
And sheer as the foam of the sea.

And just as she seems to fold me
With her petals dewy wet,
I wake with a shiver of joy
And a startled cry, "Pierrette!"

Jane an' Me

By John Luther Long

JANE an' me wass bose orphens an'—kind a cousins yit. We wass brung up toget'er ofer in Meryland by Jane's Aunt 'Liza. But Jane wass closer related t'an I wass.

I expect I must a got to liking Jane when I wass chust a little chap. For, when I got eighteen an' she 'bout fourteen I wanted to git married a'ready. Jane—she use' to chust make fun when I'd say anysing about it—no matter how ser'ous.

"*You* can't marry *no* one," she says to me, laughing—she wass most alwayss a laughing—"you chust a infent. An' Aunt 'Liza says you'll be a infent yit tell you twenty-one! Now sink of t'at a minute, will you—a feller 'at's got to be fed on pap a talking about gitting married—wiss *me!* Ah aha ha! No, sirr ree! I won't marry *no* one 'at—'at sleeps in a crib!"

She laughed ag'in—an' I j'ined her.

"Well," I says, "I'd rat'er sleep in a nice new crib t'an a ole blue trundle bed."

I had te joke on her an' she laughed like eferysing.

"Why—sa-ay, Charlie, it's chust a little while sence *you* slep' in te ole trundle bed. I wisht I'd nefer growed up. Sa-ay—less go fishing!"

"Well—if you promise to marry me?"

"Not tell you got whiskers!" she says.

"T'at's easy," I says. "I'll start my whiskers right off."

"Sweet cream's goot," says Jane.

"Yes," I says.

"And cats," says she.

"Yes," I says. "So we're ingaged?"

"Y—yes," says Jane, "kind of. But mind you got to wait tell you hav whiskers a yard long."

"All right," I says. "But you'll go an' marry some feller wissout no whiskers whatefer, an' all te time mine in my road?"

Jane says:

"I'll nefer marry no one but you, Charlie—unless I like him better, or he got more whiskers. But especially if I efer like some one better'n you—lookout! Shut up wiss you lofe business an' cut a fish-pole."

"T'ey all on te ot'er side," I says.

"Well," she says, "roll up you britches an' less git ofer." We wass at te crick.

"Carry you?" I ast her.

"Well," she says, "you sink I'm goin' to wade wiss you about"

"Oh, Lord——" I begun.

"Oh, well, if you'd rat'er not——"

"T'at wass for joy," I says. "I'd carried you acrosst a sousand——"

She laughed like blazes an' took a run an' jumped on my back. T'en she spurred me up like a horse an' in we went. Well, when we got about te middle of te crick I swung her round in front of me an' kissed her.

"Charlie," she says, "when we git out an' I got bose hands an' feet to work wiss I'll kiss *you*. T'en you'll wish you wass dead."

"Jane," I says, "ingaged people alwayss kiss."

I up an' took anot'er one.

"I expect you mean 'at t'ey kiss alwayss."

"Yes," I says.

"I'd forgot 'at we wass ingaged," says Jane curling up in my arms like a kitten.

Sunder! T'at wass 'way back in eighteen hunderd an' fifty-sefen! Don't a feller git old quick after while!

Well, when te war talk got so strong efery Union man down in Dixie wanted to git nort' te Mason an' Dixon line. Jane an' Aunt 'Liza wass alwayss jawing each ot'er 'bout te nikker-slafes—one for 'em, te ot'er ag'in 'em—so 'at after while t'ey r'ally hated each ot'er. One day Jane come running out to te spring-house where I wass, as mad an' as red as eferysing. My—my! You got no notion how handsome Jane wass when she wass mad an' red t'at away!

"Charlie, which air *you?*" she hollers out afore she gits to me, "Rebel or Union?"

I'd a liked to a studied a minute, but Jane's eyes flashed like fire.

"*Which?*" she says, like Queen Sheba.

"Union!" I says, "by goshens!"

I r'ally didn't keer much whet'er I was a Union or a Rebel. But I keered a good deal about being on Jane's side.

"I lofe you now wiss all my soul," she says, jumping for me. I chust gat'ered her in; an' I sought t'at's a goot time for anot'er kiss or two. Jane didn't say a word, an' I don' know when I'd a got done wiss t'at busness—it wass so nice—if I hadn't put my foot in a crock of milk. She wass ofer sefenteen t'en an' a reg'ler anchel. Sink about hugging such a girl, will you?—an' kissing her?—chust as much as you like?

But she cofered her mout' wiss her hand after while.

"Jane," I ast, "you broke te camel's back?"—meaning Aunt 'Liza. She nodded.

"We got to git out?"

Jane nodded ag'in.

"She says she won't haf' no two Unions of her own flesh an' blood in her house."

"You kin chust bet t'at," I remarks.

"I'm glad to go," says Jane. "I hate t'ese nikker-drifers no matter who t'ey air. But—but where kin we go to?"

"What you sink 'bout te poor-house?"

"Can't you sink of nossing better?"

"Gitting married," I says.

"Is t'at somesing better?"

"T'ere ain't nossing better in t'is world," says I.

"An' what we gon' to do t'en?" she says—gitting kind a mad at me.

She curled up in my arms like a kitten

I chust says, nice an' soft, like I knowed it'd fetch her:

"Lofe each ot'er."

"You can't eat lofe, ken you?"

"No," I says, "you can't. But——"

"You can't trink it, ken you?"

"No," I says, "you can't. But——"

"You can't wear it, ken you?"

"No," I says anot'er time. "But——"

"Well, t'en——" Jane begun.

"But," I says, like I wass mad, too.

Jane shut up.

"See here, Jane, lem me talk onct, will you?"

"Oh—all right! I din't think you had anysing to say except 'but.'"

"Jane," I begun, solemn as a owl, "you got no notion how——"

"How my nose is growing upward?" she says in a voice like mine, an' curling her nose up wiss her finger.

"Jane," I says, "don't do t'at—an'—listen."

"I don't listen wiss my nose."

"Jane"—I wass bound to say it—"you got no notion how tall an' handsome you air. You haf' growed up like a willer tree——"

"Oh, oh, oh!" she says; "a weeping willer tree, not?"

"No looking-glass in te world ken tell you what I see. You' eyes is blue as te sky in June. You' hair is like te corn-silk in August."

Jane wass pleased. You ken tell it in a woman when she's pleased.

But she chust turned it off.

"Sa-ay, I tell you where we ken go to, Charlie—up to Aunt Jane, which is named after me—in Pennsylfany. She's Union, like us."

"But don't you go, Jane," I says, sticking to it, "wissout you marry me first. You so lofely t'em Pennsylfany fellers'll snap you up like snuff."

"You sink so?" says Jane. "Well you got to take te risk. I ain't a gou' to marry you right away, I ken tell you."

I pulled my face down about a yard an' says:

"Jane, I'm disapp'inted wiss you."

Jane looks around like she pitied me at last, an' says:

"Well, Charlie, you ken tell t'em dangerous Pennsylfany fellers 'at you got a first mor'gige on me."

Well, we wrote Aunt Jane a letter, an' she says: "Of course. Come along. An' bring all te ot'er Unions you ken find down t'ere!"

We packed our clothes t'at night yit, an' te next morning we started off a-foot.

Well, te first sing Jane done after she saw Jess—Aunt Jane's boy—wass to forgit 'at such a insignifikent feller like me wass alife. No—no! No, she didn't neit'er. T'at's not exsac'ly fair to Jane. An' Jane—she wass alwayss fair. She wass about as nice an' kind to me as efer, I expect. But it wass a different kind a niceness an' kindness from what she showed to Jess. *T'at* wass somesing she'd *nefer* had for me—no, nor for no one else! It was somesing intirely new. It changed her woice—an' eyes—an' mout'—an' her step. She us to haf' a kind a way 'at rasped on a feller's feelings sometimes—a little. But she lost all t'at, an' got soft, an' gentle, an' joyous, an' beautiful!

When she talked to Jess it seemed like joy bubbled up wiss efery word. An' she liked to git close to him—an' git hold his hand—an' fix his hair straight—an' take sreads an' sings off his coat. An' if he ast for anysing—he wass always doing t'at—she'd fly to git it afore any one else could. An'—Gosh-a-mighty! She'd come an' talk to me for hours about his nice yeller hair—an' how he walked—an' laughed—an' how tall he wass—an' how strong—an' so on an' so on! I nefer seen no one so deep in lofe so quick!

Well—it wassn't so strange as it seems a telling 'bout it now so long after. He wass one t'em big keerless, happy-lucky kind a fellers 'at eferybody likes. I liked him myself—right off. T'ere air such fellers about—kind a bewitching. An' te worst of it is 'at t'em 'at eferybody likes t'at away don' nefer keer for nobody much—not efen t'emselfs. Oach—t'ey don' mean no harm, chust keerless 'bout such sings. An' t'at was Jess to a T. An' te sing bot'ered Jane. She wass a little t'at away herself. But she'd been use' to hafing eferybody—me exspecial—bowing down to her like Queen Sheba. But Jess nefer sought of such a sing—chust 'at she was a mighty goot feller to haf' about. Yit she'd ast him 'bout a dozen times a day if he liked her. He'd say yes, of course. T'en she'd ast him if he wass *sure*. He'd say it wass nossing surer. So she'd pester him tell he'd say 'at he adored her, or 'at he worshiped her—or somesing like t'at—an' t'en she'd be satisfied. Yit he'd a said t'at to any girl 'at wanted to hear it as bad as Jane—an' wass as pooty. I'fe heerd him say it to girls 'at wassn't as pooty as Jane.

He made a reg'ler tomboy out Jane—wiss his fishing—an' gunning—an' swimming—an' riding his wild black mare. But it done Jane goot—my! but it done Jane goot. You ought a seen her eyes shine an' her cheeks bloom! My! T'ey got so lifely 'at I got to feel like a ole man when I wass wiss 'em. But I wass only sree years older'n Jess an' chust two older'n Jane.

So pooty soon I got to be chust a hanger on for 'em. Chust goot to carry te fish-poles an' saddle up te horses. Well—I had to be satisfied wiss t'at or nossing. An'—I—I wass satisfied wiss t'at. T'ey bose liked me better'n any outsider. But it wass a kind a liking 'at hurts.

"Jane," I says one day, "we goot—chust—*friends* yit, ain't we?"

"Charlie!" she says so pitiful 'at I felt mean.

"Chust—if I'm in te way," I says.

"You te best feller in te whole world," she says.

"It's a wonder you ken keep from marrying me, t'en," I says—chust in fun of course.

"Oh, Charlie—Charlie! Don't, please don't!" she begged, crying a little.

"Don' cry, Jane," I says. "I wass only joking. I ken see how te land lays." I had a big lump in my throat, an' Jane kep' on crying. T'en, like a dogged fool I sought mebby she wass crying for me.

"Jane," I says, "Jane—you—crying—for—*me?*"

"Oh, Charlie," she says, "no, no, no!"

My heart went down in my ole boots.

"Jane," I says, "don' cry no more. I'll nefer bot'er you. I'll help you if I ken."

She jumped at me an' kissed me like ole times. Yit I knowed it wass chust because I said t'at about helping her.

"Jane," I says, "when you gon' to marry Jess?" She looked sad an' ashamed. "Chust account I want time to git away. It'll be like—well—like a reg'ler funeral for *me*."

I tried to laugh but it wass no great go.

"He—he ain't ast me, Charlie. I exspect he don' want me," she says hanging her head.

"Huh!" I says, "he wants you bad enough. Chust he's afeared."

"You sink so?" Jane ast, cheering up.

I go away wissout lying any fut'er—I don' know chust how. But one day, a little afterward, I says to Jess, says I:

"Say, Jess, why don' you ast Jane to marry you?"

He chust looked at me like he wass a good bit surprised.

"Iss t'at a joke?" he ast me t'en.

"No," I says, "it ain't no joke."

"Ast her to marry me? Say—what for?"

"Gosh-a-mighty! Don't you like her?"

"Yes—sunderation, yes! Can't you see t'at?"

"Well," I says, "do you *lofe* her?"

"Yes—I expect I do. Of course I do. Eferybody does."

"T'en," I says yit, "you got to ast her to marry you—account she lofes you. I won't let you make no foot of her."

"Charlie, you out you head intirely," Jess says. "A feller can't marry all te girls he likes, ken he?"

"No," I says. "But you got to sink 'bout t'is sing mighty quick an' do what I tell you. If you don't you an' me won't be no friends no more."

"Well, Charlie," Jess says, "if *you* sink I ought to do it I will."

But he laughed like it wass all a joke.

I guess he nefer sought no fut'er about it. An' mighty soon it got too late to sink 'bout 'most anysing except war an' rumors of war. An' Jess he took such a interest in all te soldier-business 'at he din' seem to haf' much time efen for Jane. T'at kind a sing chust suited him. An' be goshens! it chust seemed to suit Jane also.

At first eferybody wass more skeered of te Baltimore Rowdies t'an te real Rebels. Efery time a lot of runaway nikkers 'd come up te Baltimore Pike, word 'd go out ahead of 'em 'at te Rowdies wass after 'em to fetch 'em back dead or alife. An' te farmers 'd git out t'eir pitchforks ag'in, an' te fellers 'at wass lucky enough to haf' guns 'd break up some more pewter spoons an' mold bullets.

But after while t'ey organized te Border Guards! An' t'at wass a picnic—t'at Border Guards business! At first we had all kinds a unicorns—homespun—hickory-jeans—anysing 'at wass red, white an' blue. An' arms! You ought a seen 'em! Flint-locks—horse-pistols—pikes—funny sword-bagonets wiss a curl in te end—chust anysing almost 'at 'd cut or shoot—or 'at had te name of doing it.

An' Jane wass in eferysing—yes, way out in front—mebby account of Jess. Anyhow, she juwed us so much about te fi'-penny-bit look of t'em unicorns an' arms 'at one day I says, says I:

"Well, if you don' like 'em why don' you git us some ot'ers?"

"I will," she says chust as if it wass all done.

Next night I says—chust in fun:

"Jane, you got te new unicorns anywheres about you? I been telling te boyss an' t'ey want 'em."

"You ken tell te boyss 'at we'll haf' 'em in 'bout a week," an', sunder! she pulls out her pocket a hunderd-dollar bill 'at ole Jake Wirt 'at had te bank 'd give her!

Well, she an' ole Jake raised te money in short metre, an' t'en t'ey went to Baltimore an' got te nicest unicorns t'ey had in te whole city. Jane got te whole sing up, ole Jake said. I guess she sought all te time how nice Jess 'd look in such a fine unicorn. It wass a red cap wiss no rim an' chust a tossel hanging down behint—a little plue jacket wiss lots of gold stufft sewed on—baggy red britches wiss te crotch 'way down about a feller's knees—stuffed in yeller leggins at te bottom—cross-belts like a saw buck—shiny ca'tridge boxes an' knapsacks—an' so on, an' so on. Souafes!

We organized a kind a battery also, an' got Dafe Fitz to bore out te ole Mexican brass cannons so's we could shoot bigger balls, an' got 'em all polished up nice, an' trained te horses to prance when t'ey pulled 'em, an' t'en we wass ready for war—infantry, artillery—an' cafelry, when we could git enough horses loaned.

Jane she use' to drill at home wiss Jess an' me, an' she knowed more of te manual t'an hose of us. She made herself a kind a female unicorn like our'n, an' had a gun an' all. Jane looked so handsome in it 'at ot'er girls couldn't stand it an' t'ey all got 'em, too. But sunder! none of 'em could come wissin a sousand miles of Jane! Oh, Jane—Jane—Jane! I ken see you now wiss te little red cap stuck on top you' yeller curls, te little jacket wiss gold lace an' buttons on, te red frock wiss te yeller leggins sticking out below. An' you' smile, Jane, you' laugh, you' eyes—wiss onct an' a while tears in 'em! An'—Shoulder-*Arms!* Right Shoulder-*shift!* Carry *arms!* Ground *arms!* Forwards *March!*

Eferysing wass fun t'em dayss—chust all fun.

At first efery one wanted to be an ossifer. For why—te ossifers glittered like te sun, moon an' stars—mebby wiss te rest of te firmament srowed in yit. But Jane app'inted te ossifers—an' of course Jess wass captain. We'd a made him captain, anyhow, I expect, for we wass all proud of Jess. But when Jane said so—you see we had elected her Major-General! Aha ha ha! Yes, efersing wass chust fun t'em dayss—chust fun!

Afterward we drilled efery day. We couldn't

He slung a kind a kiss back

git t'em unicorns on too often for us. Nor te ot'er people neit'er, I expect, from te look of it. But te Saturday afternoon parade on te commons wass te best. T'en we wore our white gloles an' eferysing shone an' glittered. An' eferybody wass out for miles around! An' *our* girls—an' Jane—Jane—Jane—wass dressed in t'eir unicorns! My, my, my! A feller 'at nefer belonged to no soldier-company in Sixty-one wiss Souafe unicorns on got no idea of it—no idea whatefer!

Company at-ten-*tion!* Company—fall *in!* Order—*arms!* Shoulder—*arms!* Rest—*arms!* Fix—*bagonets!* Right shoulder—*shift!* Mark—*time!* By te left wheel—by fours—forwards—MARCH! By te double-quick—forward—*march!* Charge *bagonets!* Halt! Bite *ca'tridges!* Ram—*ca'tridges!* Ready—*aim*—FIRE!

Aha ha ha! But it wassn't war—chust play—chust play. We'll nefer see te like ag'in while te world stands. Yessir! T'at wass te best fun we efer had—t'at Border Guards business. Nossing to do—nobody—but chust to play soldier or watch us a doing it.

One good sing—te people had a idea 'at te Baltimore Rowdies wass skeered of us now instead of us being skeered of t'em.

Well—Pennsylfany-Germans don't sink much of a sing 'at's chust pooty an' of no use. So, after while t'ey got tired of chust feasting t'eir yees upon us an' wanted to see if we wass any goot.

Sefere! times t'ey sent us out to do guard duty nights—in te woods—which wassn't half as funny as parading. T'en some fellers—durn fools—sympathizers, I expect, begun to talk about us going off to regular war. An' be goshens! mighty soon te people 'at hadn't no relations in te company wouldn't be satisfied wiss nossing else! Well, we wassn't sorry. We had a idea 'at if Lincoln 'd chust say so we'd march right down to Richmond an' wind te sing up. We wanted to show 'em what for kind a soldiers growed in Pennsylfany. An' we got te chance—we got te chance!

Jess wass chust crazy to go. But I notice 'at when we'd talk about it Jane wass more an' more quiet, an' her eyes 'd shine in a hungry kind a way, an' she'd go off to bed. Aunt Jane ast me onct to not make Jane cry so.

"How d'you know she cries?" I ast her.

"Her piller's wet efery night," says she.

I tole Jess ag'in about asting her to marry him, an' he says, says he:

"I tole you, Charlie, 'at I'd sink about it, an' t'at's what I'm doing."

"Well," I says, "I wisht you'd hurry up afore she breaks her heart in a large number of small pieces"—chust in fun—chust in fun.

Well—te upshot of it wass 'at some one sent word to Washington 'at we had a nice soldier company to go to te front, an' Lincoln sent for us right off.

So, one night we wass paraded on te square wiss te ole brass band an' te ole brass cannons an' te flags an' eferysing. T'ey had a banner 'at had on it:

WE AIR COMING, FAT'ER ABREHAM

We marched to te ole market-house 'at was like a bridge, an' ole Jake Wirt got on a meat-beench—he wass a little kind a man—an' made a fiery speech right at us.

"I don' want t'is insurrection to be crushed wissout us sharing in te glory of it. People air beginning to sink you chust play soldiers an' 'at you afraid to fight. But, boyss, I know better. I know it's no soldiers under te glorious ole flag ken fight like yous. But I want you to go out an' do it. An' don' you go under no false pretenses. Some of yous standing afore me will nefer come back. But what nobler end—if it must be—could you ast for t'an to die, sword in hand, for you' country? Now who'll be te first of te Border Guards to volunteer to stop playing an' fight?"

"I!" says Jess, right in front of him, quick as lightening.

Ole Jake shook his hand an' laughed.

"I wass sure of *you*, Jess," he says.

Well—one by one efery man stepped out an' said he'd go.

An' when te last—little Billy Minter—be goshens! You ought a heerd te ole band! I actually sought t'ey'd blow te ole Dutch horns to pieces. Some of te shingles did rattle off te roof, t'ey say. Te chune wass te ole standby:

Oh say ken you see
By te dawn's airly light——?

chust a kind of *tum*—tumtum—*tum*-te-tum! Also te cannons fired a salute. Te artillery fellers wass alwayss jealous of us, anyhow, 'at we didn't gife 'em no chance. An' last of all when te racket got quiet, te girls sung. I liked t'at best of all. Jane wass right out in front—but she wassn't singing. An' I noticed 'at sometimes she'd put her head down an' her han'kercher up. When we got home she wass in bed a'ready. Aunt Jane whispers to me:

She made herself a kind a female unicorn like our'n

"She's cried herself asleep an' awake a couple times."

Well, one day afterward, it wass a big handbill on te market-house:

ATTENTION, BORDER GUARDS!
By Order of the
President of the United States
and the
Governor of Pennsylvania
The Command Will Leave
On Sunday Next
for
THE FRONT

But we wass politely requested also to leafe te cannons at home! Sunder, but te artillery fellers wass mad! T'ey wass pooty proud of t'eir shiny cannons, an' t'ey swore t'ey wouldn't go wissout 'em. But t'ey wass all wissus when we left.

An' me—I don' tell her no different—chust help her to suit

It wass about te nicest-looking soldier company I efer seen—on te square te next Sunday morning. Nobody r'ally felt bad. Chust some made out so account t'ey had a woman or two hanging 'round te neck, 'at wouldn't a been satisfied wissout. T'at's funny, anyhow, 'at te women alwayss got to do te crying an' regretting. Te men 'at wassn't going chust hung 'round te outside an' cracked jokes about us being "Emergency men" an' going on a picnic, an' so on. Yit I took notice 'at te most sorry an' te least talkers wass te mot'ers 'at had boyss in te ranks.

Jess had to make a little speech when t'ey presented te colors. *He* couldn't make no speech, but Jane helped him to git it up on Saturday night an' made him l'arn it by heart. He chust said 'at he accepted te flag solemnly—as te emblem of te feelings of his neighbors an' friends, t'eir trust in him an' his command.

"I pledge you 'at it shall nefer go down in no dust as long as one of your own Border Guards is left to hold it up. An' glorious as it now is, I swear to you 'at it shell come back to you more glorious. If not you will know 'at no one is left to bring it, an' 'at it has fallen as we haf' in te noblest cause 'at God efer gafe a man an opportunity to gif' his life for."

Te last part wassn't in Jane's spech! An' as he spoke it his face wass full a kind a light. I nefer seen it t'at away afore. But afterward—when a fight was going on—t'en I

seen it—t'en I seen it. Anyhow, he wass te handsomest soldier-boy I efer seen. Chust eighteen, an' his unicorn looked like he growed up in it. An' long yeller hair 'at his mammy made him wear t'at away—like when he was chust a little chap. An' he'd nefer shafed an' had little patches of white whiskerss scattered about his face. Yit he looked brafe as a lion—an' keerless.

"Boyss," he says, turning 'round to us, "is t'at right?"

We give him a cheer.

"Yes—yes—yes!"

By this time Jess'd got down, an' Jane—as usual—wass clost to him. He was nicer to her t'at day t'an I efer seen him. T'ey walked away a little an' I saw 'at he wass bending an' whispering to her. Suddenly I seen Jane blush an' trimble. T'en she looked up at Jess. I knowed what had at last happened. Jess put his arm around her afore efery-body, an' *no one efer saw more happiness in a face t'an wass in Jane's just t'en.*

Chust t'en Jess' mammy come up—a little late.

"Now, Jess," she says, "don' you fool wiss no guns—an' Jess, don' you haf' 'em loaded onless you actually must. T'at's te way to avoid accidents wiss 'em. Take goot keer you'self, an' nefer forgit to say you prayers nights."

Jess laughed an' kissed his mammy on bose cheeks.

"Don' you worry 'bout me, mammy. I ain't going near where t'ere's a fight wissout it's somebody behint me pushing. I don' like fights; do I, Charlie?"

I lied for him like he wanted me.

"An' I'll always look for a nice big tree when anysing dangerous is going on."

"Suppose t'ere ain't no trees?" says his mammy.

"A feller ken always dig a hole in te ground; ain't so, Charlie?"

"Well I hope so," says his mammy in good airnest. "An' Charlie, you help him. Te ground might be stony."

Suddenly, like he'd forgot about it afore, Jess pulls all our heads toget'er an' puts his own in te middle an' vispers:

"Sa-ay! To all whom it may consarn, Jane an' me's ingaged! Took place just t'is blessed minute. She's gon' to stay wiss you, mammy, an' wait tell we git back—'bout a mont' or so—t'en it's gon' to be a wedding an' te unfortunate wictims of te sad affair will be me—an' Jane yere. Sa-ay, how you like t'at, mammy? Charlie, how you like t'at?"

"I like t'at first rate," says his mammy; "see 'at you come right back an' 'tend to it."

I said somesing, too—I don' know what.

"All right," says Jess. "As soon as t'is cruel war is ofer we'll git married an' die happy an' old."

His mammy turns 'round to me.

"Charlie," she says, "you older an' steadier'n Jess. I expect you to take keer he don' do anysing foolish, an' I expect you to bring him back to me an' Jane. You hear?"

"Yes," I says.

"Well, promise."

An' I promised to do it.

T'at satisfied her an' she turns 'round an' looks at 'em an' says yit:

"Ain't he han'some!"

"Yes," I says.

"An' Jane—ain't *she* lofely?"

"Yes," I says.

"I expect you nefer seen no one so han'some nor so lofely. Well, good-by, Charlie"—she kissed me—"he's all I got. Bring him back or I don' want to see you no more, neit'er."

An' Jane—Jane she came also an' said I should bring him back, 'at he wass all she got!

"An' you don' want to see me neit'er wissout Jess?" I ast her.

She didn't answer. Chust she says:

"Sink of a sabre-cut acrosst his face! Charlie, if you let him git killed! No, I don' want to see you ag'in wissout him!"

"I'll do te best I ken," I says, wiss a kind a feeling in my breast.

No one seemed to keer what happened to me—chust Jess—all te time Jess. Jane knowed what I wass sinking.

"Poor Charlie," she vispered, nestling up ag'in me like ole times. "Poor—poor ole Charlie!"

T'at fixed efersing.

"Forgife me, Jane——"

"For nossing," says she as quick.

"I'll bring you back what's left of him——"

Jane looked skeered.

"Don' you worry. It won't be no fighting. We'll chust march down in Wirginny an' skeer te Johnnies out t'eir boots an' come right off home an' bring te boots along."

Chust in fun—chust in fun. But it was somesing about me, I expect, 'at wassn't as funny as te words. For Jane chust looked sad an' says ag'in t'at away:

"Poor Charlie—poor ole Charlie!"

T'at wass her last words to me, an' I ain't forgot 'em yit.

Well, well—— Oh—t'en ole preacher Alleman got on a meat-beench an' made a little prayer.

You nefer seen him, of course, but he look a goot bit like Abe Lincoln—not pooty, but tall, an' wiss such a deep, slow woice. He held his hands out ofer us a goot while wissout saying anysing an' wiss his eyes closed. Tears wass running down his ole face an' te sun wass shining on it. His two boyss wass in te ranks, an' mebby he knowed what wass coming botter'n we did. Yit, after while he says—slow an' trembly:

"God of battles, take these, the issue of our loins, the flower of our simple lives, into Thy holy keeping. Send them back to us. They are our all. Yet—if this be not in Thy infinite purposes—then—Father in Heaven!—Father Abraham, we offer them to Thee as our sacrifice. Do with them as Thou wilt. Amen."

It seem like he couldn't say no more—chust kep' a holding out his hands tell t'ey fell down.

When efersing wass quiet ag'in Jess wafes his sword and says out loud:

"Company—at-ten-*tion!* Company—fall *in*."

I looked up an' down te lines as t'ey formed. What a nice lot of boyss—chust boyss—t'ey wass! Happy as larks! Mebby if t'ey'd a knowed efersing it'd been different. Yit—yit—when t'ey got under fire—t'ose nice apple-faced boyss—t'ey stayed—efery one of 'em—an' fought like t'ey'd been brought up to it. Yes—an' wass gay an' happy as efer—what wass left of 'em.

When we wass all ready to mofe, paraded t'at way in two ranks, Pete Weafer, te photograft man, came an' took our pictures. Efery family in te town has one of t'em. But, t'en:

"Shoulder—arrms! By te left wheel—by fours—forward—MARCH!"

So—off we went to war.

It seemed a little sudden at last. I felt a kind a sinking in my insides. Te sing was fine t'ough, I ken tell you. Te ole band wiss te long horns shined up like gold wass 'way out in front. Next came te cannons chust as shiny. Twelfe gray horses wass pulling 'em—an 'prancing like in pictur's of war. Te cannoneers wass setting up on te caissons wiss folded arms, an' sabres between their legs, like grafen images. Next came te flag all by

(Concluded on Page 18)

Society Women in Business

By Harry-'dele Hallmark (Anne Rittenhouse)

IN THE aftermath of the Civil War some aristocratic Southern women went to work. They became wage-earners. They took currency of the Union for the labor of their hands or their brains. The exchange humbled them. Not so much because they were wage-earners, but because they put a price on that which had always been given. They spoke of the departure only to their intimate friends; no stranger dared remark on it in the presence of one of these women or her relatives; a few, who took advantage of their services and recognized the situation, sent payment in so delicate a way that the question of price was never discussed face to face.

To-day, the fashionable woman is again going to work. She may be the daughter of the aristocratic wage-earner of the South, or herself a leader of the inner set in a Northern State. The fact that she is in business does not humiliate her: and far from not speaking of it, she pleads with you and your friends to tell of her achievement that she may make more money and have herself valued at an increasing price. She does this with dignity; she brings to her work the manner of the well-born, but she does not bring the traditional habits of the idly-bred.

The fact that the Southern woman had to work was surrounded at first with a certain romantic glamor. The South wept for it and the North tried to atone for it. Whether she made preserves, or put her knowledge of muslin gowns to practical use, it was all the same; every one threw around her an atmosphere of lost glory; so she succeeded because of her ability and the world's generosity to her.

Frankly Accepting the Situation

The Northern woman, who has entered the ranks of trade, frankly says she follows in the path of the Southerner. The better social position she has, the more money her relatives own, the greater the influences behind her, then the more forces she can use to help her to success. She does not abuse these forces, for she has the pride of blood and strives to give fair returns for payment received. She does well what she can do, bringing all her talent, inspiration and infinite work to the bargain. She laughs at her ancestress who, if she had to earn money after the Civil War, kept it quiet. The well-born wage-earner of the twentieth century tells one, when she is being taken in to dinner, how busy she has been all day; frankly discusses the virtues and defects of the work she has undertaken, and, if she is of a descriptive or dramatic turn of mind, paints glowing pictures and tells of clever incidents that have come up in the day's work, and thus entertains those about her. This frank discussion of the situation is not considered bad form.

Women of to-day, notably the members of the smart set, are frank. To appear to tell all one knows seems to be the pose of the century. High-born wage-earners are delighted to talk, whether at the Assembly, the dinner-party or in the opera box, of the prospects of their success in trade. Many of them—who have the constitutions—do not give up society when they take up business. They argue, rightly, that society helps them; it keeps them in touch with what is wanted, especially if these women have taken up millinery or dressmaking, or opened tea-rooms.

So far there has been a dearth of original occupations. The same old lines laid down for women in trade by those who were born in trade have been followed out by women of leisure. They one and all believe that dressmaking and millinery are the most lucrative professions. So far they have not made any fortunes out of these two occupations, but their work is young yet; they may have cut their artistic teeth, and their wisdom teeth are now cutting. It is one thing to make a bonnet, and quite another to make that bonnet pay.

Miss Caroline L. Gordon (of Atlanta)

The Unique Occupation of One Woman

The one unique occupation among these society women is that taken up by a Southerner. She has taken the contract from a city to water the streets. She hires her own men, provides the mules from her plantation and personally sees to the business. The landowners along the streets pay her so much a year, and she sees each one and makes a good contract with him.

The next most interesting experiment was made by Mrs. Robert Osborne in New York. She needed money and had a great talent as a costumer. She debated, for some months, between the choice of opening a dressmaking establishment or a millinery shop, and in the meantime designed a few costumes for two intimate friends of hers who had decided to go on the stage and came to consult her. They were both in New York companies and advertised her skill in designing gowns. The matter was brought to the manager's attention and he asked her to submit sketches of costumes. The members of his companies were delighted with the gowns sketched by Mrs. Osborne, and finally she and the manager entered into an alliance. She is now under salary for designing costumes for his plays during the season, and is delighted with the work.

Her work is not easy; she must study the figure, personality and rôle of the woman whom she is to gown. She must shop unceasingly; must know what is modish and what is likely to remain so for several months. Most of her manager's plays deal with modern life, and the rôle of a lady in society is always the most difficult rôle for an actress, who is not in touch with fashionable life, to dress for. Mrs. Osborne's occupation, therefore, is a mission as well as a trade. It is her duty to see, for example, that an English duchess does not parade the stage in the costume of one who knows fashionable life only from books.

It is a recent thing in American stage life that the gowns are fit to copy; cheap satin, imitation velvet and fur, cotton *crêpe* instead of *crêpe de chine* will not belong to the stage costumery of the society play of the twentieth century. Mrs. Osborne, realizing this, brings studious intelligence, as well as a natural gift, to setting the gowns for the play.

Taking Care of Empty Mansions

Miss Laguerrene, of Philadelphia elect social life, has become a wage-earner along a new line also. Four years ago she started in to make shirt-waists because of the demand, by the woman with money, for a proper tailor shirt-waist. She made no other garment and was not exorbitant in her price, asking a medium price between the ready-made ones on the counter and the five dollars asked by a man's tailor. But for some reason she gave up the work and ventured on something entirely new. She offered her services to women who, wishing to travel or leave their homes for a length of time, would leave her as a caretaker: not to remain in the house, but to go into it the day the housewife left and lock up everything; send the silver to storage; cover the furniture and pictures;

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of the series on Society Women in Business.

Miss Sarah Biddle (of Philadelphia)

Miss Jennie Wilde (of New Orleans)

Mrs. J. Madison Taylor (of Philadelphia)

pack the bedding; put away the draperies; close the windows; and from garret to cellar put the house in safe silence. She took orders at first from those leaving their city homes for their suburban ones. The glad *châtelaine* of the house left, rid of a tiresome task, knowing that when everything was well and properly taken care of the keys would come to her by express.

Any woman who keeps house knows what this means. Preparing to take a holiday has made many a woman sick during her entire vacation. The last order Miss Laguerrene had was to go to Paris and take charge of Mrs. Edgar Scott's house; put everything away, see to the insurance, and then return and give Mrs. Scott the particulars. Mr. Scott, as attaché to the United States Embassy in Paris, lived charmingly over there. His wife was the beautiful Miss Sturgis, of Philadelphia. They spent the summer at their magnificent new home at Bar Harbor, and Mrs. Scott did not wish the trouble of returning to close the house in Paris. Miss Laguerrene was provided with passage for herself and mother, given her own way in everything, and a check that was quite in keeping with the Scott's fortune. In going into a house for this purpose Miss Laguerrene hires her own assistants and uses her judgment in everything.

Miss Beatrix Jones, of New York, has gone into landscape gardening. She is the daughter of Mrs. Cadwalader-Jones, a society woman of Newport and New York. Miss Jones went into her work thoroughly, going through years of arduous training and study. She had the artistic instinct, and preferred to put it out of the beaten line of dressmaking and millinery into something in which she thought she could make more money. She studied forestry and architecture. Although she is very young she has accomplished a notable piece of work. This is the laying out of the large Scott estate at Bar Harbor. It is just finished and she has been engaged on it for two years. Last winter she remained in that cold region superintending the undertaking. She lived the simplest life at Bar Harbor and worked through all kinds of weather, wearing a heavy sweater, short skirt, rubber-soled boots, and a tarpaulin hat when it rained. She hired her own workmen, planted the trees, cleared the woods, designed the summer-houses, laid out the gardens and engineered the walks and drives. Following this she has an even more important piece of work in view.

Buying for a Mercantile Establishment

Mrs. Frank Ralston is a notable figure in Philadelphia social life who has gone into trade. She is a belle of the smartest social circles in the Quaker City. Her husband's family is of the most exclusive stock of the city. When she announced her intention to go to work, society was thunderstruck. She began by making bonnets. She opened a little shop on Rittenhouse Street, just off Rittenhouse Square, which is identified with the social history of the city. She stayed in this shop every day and made the highest-priced bonnets herself. At five o'clock in the afternoon the prettiest women in town could be met there drinking tea and trying on hats. Mrs. Ralston's own clothes had been the talk of Philadelphia and Narragansett for years, and it was often whispered that she made every stitch herself. When she opened her shop society was quite curious to see if rumor had proved true—if she really could make pretty things; and the very rich, who were on the fringes of society, were anxious to meet the beauty, if only through business.

Mrs. William Henry Newbold (of Philadelphia)

Miss Julia Carroll (of Kentucky)

Two years ago Mrs. Ralston gave up this venture to become the buyer for a well-known department store. One can hear any tale about the salary she is paid, but every one believes that her services are secured at a very high rate. She does not merely lend the prestige of her name to the departments of lingerie and baby clothes to which she is attached, but really works very hard, going to Europe several times a year to buy everything for these departments, including shirtwaists, attending to orders in Paris from customers of the store, and superintending the sales and the advertisements of the two departments.

Miss Sarah Elliott, of New York, a sister of the well-known club man and society man, Mr. Duncan Elliott, who married the beautiful "Sallie" Hargous, belle of the Four Hundred, became the agent for several large apartment houses in New York. She took charge of them on commission, not having an office of her own, and began renting out apartments, collecting the rents, pacifying the tenants and undertaking to please them. She took very fashionable houses in fashionable localities, and as she was in intimate touch with the fashionable life of New York she was apt to succeed in getting the right people for each house.

A Society Leader Who Sells Coal

Miss Sophie Beauveau Borie, whose very name suggests the best of aristocratic life in Philadelphia, is agent for a coal firm. She sells on commission and personally attends to her contracts. She belongs to one of the largest and most influential families in Philadelphia; one relative is President of the Stock Exchange, and all her family, except this one branch, possess wealth. Last winter she undertook another occupation—that of house decorating—though she did not relinquish the coal agency. She gives the morning to one business and the afternoon to the other. In the decorating work she has associated with her Mrs. Albert Priestman, formerly of London. Mrs. Priestman has studied at famous schools of design, and she became interested in the work when she had a woman to decorate her house from garret to cellar in England. When it became necessary for her to earn money she came to the States and took up this work, in which she had become an expert in all except practice. The partnership is an excellent business one, for Miss Borie's extensive visiting list and Mrs. Priestman's practical knowledge of the work are good advantages to blend.

Mrs. Harry Markoe, also a Philadelphian and a well-known society woman, has gone into the same business with Miss Woodville, an artist, as a partner.

Dressmaking and millinery call out the most loudly to the would-be wage-earners in the ranks of society.

Miss Celeste Allen and Miss Harriet Ganahl, two notable society women from Georgia, opened a dressmaking establishment in New York under the patronage of the wealthy Mrs. Henry Villard and others of her set. They advertised Southern muslin frocks as the great card and made some very beautiful ones, receiving New York prices. But for some reason the young firm dissolved, Miss Allen to go South and resume her belleship and Miss Ganahl to go into journalism in New York.

The Misses Harman-Brown, relatives of the Brown Brothers, bankers, and of Bishop Potter, of New York, opened and are continuing a millinery shop on Thirty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue, New York. They have behind them powerful social influences and, better for their business, they have made successful hats. The fashionable women of the rich set of New York buy from them every season. When they had nearly gotten on their feet in a business way they took the lovely Miss Bessie Pruyn, of Albany, in with them. Miss Pruyn was a relative of old Governor Pruyn, a cousin of John V. L. Pruyn, and herself a beauty. Her name meant the very core of old Knickerbocker aristocracy. Her ancestry had for generations been the masters of the social and political life of the quaint capital on the Hudson. She was artistic and was on a fair road to make a success of hats, when she married a Philadelphia millionaire.

Another young woman in the same building with the Misses Brown is a wage-earner from one of the socially elect families of America. This is Miss Julia Carroll, who is closely connected with the Carrolls of Maryland, the Breckinridges of Kentucky, and the Peter Porters of Niagara Falls. She sells fancy blouses, slumber robes, house gowns, and all that silken paraphernalia that contributes to a woman's beauty and comfort under the shade of her own rose-colored lamp. Miss Carroll employs half a hundred workers, and has gotten so far along that she can go to Paris each summer and bring back models.

Dressmaking and Getting Servants

Miss Sarah Biddle is the most notable addition to the list of dressmakers in Philadelphia. To be a Biddle of Philadelphia: that has passed into proverb. Every one who knows the social history of America knows what it means. She is not only a dressmaker but has a brass sign out proclaiming the fact, and neat advertisements in the daily papers let the public know that even a Biddle is not humbled at being a wage-earner. Her cousin, Miss Sarah C. Biddle, has gone into newspaper work as the assistant society editor on an evening paper in Philadelphia. Miss Sarah Yeates Whelen is another member of a great social family in Philadelphia who has just taken an executive position on a morning paper.

Newbold is a name to conquer with socially in the Quaker City and three of the family have become wage-earners. Mrs. William Henry Newbold, a remarkably handsome woman, is teaching whist, and has made a sufficient success out of the difficult science to bring out her daughter Ethel in the most approved social way—that is, with smart gowns, and ready to do her own share of entertaining. The Misses Newbold opened an employment agency in a fashionable quarter of Philadelphia, where they serve as middlemen, as it were, between those who want domestic employment and those who want to get this work done. Miss Mary Newbold also takes charge of the household and correspondence of Mrs. George W. Childs-Drexel. They first opened a tea-room, but somehow tea-rooms do not seem to pay. Mrs. John Wilmerding opened one on Fifth Avenue, New York, and combined with it the agency for a violet farm on Long Island. She is a very smart society

(Concluded on Page 24)

Mrs. Frank Ralston (of Philadelphia)

A Carruthers by Marriage

By Mary Tracy Earle

I

MRS. DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS, familiarly known as Miss Peggy, was in her garden with Tom Taylor. Miss Peggy had been a widow for three years. Taylor had just asked her to marry him and she had refused. His carriage was waiting at the gate and he was starting toward it when the Carruthers children waylaid him from some ambush in the shrubbery. Heaven only knew how much they had overheard, but the world was likely to learn soon. At the same instant a second carriage drew up at the entrance to the drive, and a stout middle-aged woman leaned out.

"Douglas! Children! Douglas!" she called with an imperious voice. It was Mrs. Grayson-Keener, the wealthiest woman in Pontomoc, the most interested in other people's affairs, the most certain to appear inopportunely. It was her habit to draw up at a gate, and call until somebody came to open it for her.

"Run, Douglas," Miss Peggy prompted, turning her eldest son toward the gate. She looked at Taylor, and in her eyes sat dread of what the children might reveal.

"Want to go for a drive, youngsters?" Taylor asked. "It will give you a chance for a cozy visit," he added to their mother, and there was a sly twitch of that corner of his mouth which was away from the children.

"Oh," Miss Peggy breathed, "how good of you! Yes, yes, you may all go." And Taylor felt the weight of her refusal lifting.

They started down the drive together, the children, six in number without the eldest, trailing behind them like a comet's tail, only less nebulous and more aglow. Taylor had courted the children, all seven, with a perfect knowledge of the road to their hearts.

"Now this is too bad. I'm driving Mr. Taylor away," Mrs. Grayson-Keener called, as her carriage came through the gate. Her eyes rested blandly on the little procession which met her. "Don't go, Tom. I'll turn back myself. I can come again *any* time."

"And so can I, I hope," Taylor replied with a laugh. He was a model to all rejected lovers. He lifted his hat to both ladies, beckoned to Douglas and marshaled his forces out into the road.

"Is he taking them with him?" asked Mrs. Grayson-Keener, watching through the open back of her carriage. "He looks like a magnet with iron filings hanging to it. Does he have room for all seven?—I tell you, Peggy, there are few men——" She faced about and drove slowly between the branches of the rose borders, letting the reins fall slack, and smiling romantically at Miss Peggy.

"There are people who think that life is over with the first marriage," she announced with some irrelevance. "I thought so for many years after Mr. Grayson was laid to rest, and then—how little we know our own hearts."

"Oh!" Miss Peggy said softly. "You are counting on that!"

"Is Mr. Keener—Mr. Grayson-Keener—well?" asked Miss Peggy.

"Quite well, and such a charming companion," said Mrs. Grayson-Keener.

They had reached the carriage block. The visitor stepped rather ponderously forth, and the hostess tied the horse. His name was Aaron. He, like his mistress, had been left behind when Mr. Grayson was laid to rest, and he had such a long past to stand still and remember that it was a mere formality to tie him, but his mistress averred that he had unmanageable freaks.

The gallery was empty and inviting with its shade and its rocking chairs. Two of the chairs were drawn close, as if for a tête-à-tête. The elder lady settled herself in one of them and motioned toward the other. "Now, confess," she prompted; "you and Tom Taylor were sitting here together when you saw me driving down the road. Then he knew that his call was spoiled, and decided to make the best of matters by giving a treat to the children. His devotion to those children, my dear! *Everybody* has noticed it."

Miss Peggy showed no embarrassment. The children were not there to tell tales. "No," she said, "we were down in the garden. We had just found the children, and he was on the way to the gate when we saw you. It was Aunty Pink and I who had been sitting in the chairs; I reckon I'd better run in and tell her you are here."

"Please wait a moment," Mrs. Grayson-Keener said impressively. "It's almost providential that I've found you alone for once." She opened the fan which hung from her châtelaine and set abrupt little currents of air at the task of cooling her flushed face. "You must forgive me, Peggy, for teasing you about Tom, but it was a relief. You see I've come on a painful errand. Mr. Grayson-Keener thought I should wait and leave you in ignorance until Mrs. Lightfoot communicated with you, but I thought you ought to be prepared, and so I came. You can't think what a solution of the trouble it was to find Tom here, and so fatherly with the children."

Miss Peggy seated herself. There was at all times an odd, colorless quality about her face, as if her soul had drawn an intangible veil across it. Some people would have found difficulty in speaking to her of second love and marriage, but others saw only the piquancy of her features, the gleams of light in her gray eyes and her brown hair—they declared her pallor due to her black gowns.

"Are you quite unprepared? I told George—Mr. Grayson-Keener—that I didn't believe you knew a word of poor Douglas Carruthers' dealings with poor Doctor Lightfoot."

"You mean Douglas—my husband?"

"Yes, your husband; and I felt you ought to be told as soon as possible. Of course you have no means in the world of paying it, and *that* was why poor Doctor Lightfoot never presented it while he lived; he was so generous. I can't imagine why he didn't destroy it, but perhaps he thought if you made a rich second marriage he might present it afterward, when paying it wouldn't deprive you or the children."

"Paying—*what?*" asked Miss Peggy.

"Why, the note. The note your husband gave Doctor Lightfoot for two thousand dollars. And there's interest on it now," said Mrs. Grayson-Keener.

She had drawn a deep breath, in readiness for more details, when the gate opened and clanged shut behind the figure of little Douglas Carruthers; he came slowly toward the house, poring over a small volume as he walked.

"What's the trouble?" Miss Peggy called. "Didn't you go with Mr. Taylor?"

He barely glanced up from his book as he sat down on the gallery steps. "Yes, I started," he answered abstractedly, "but that stamp catalogue Mr. Taylor had been promising me so long was in the carriage, and we were pretty crowded anyway, so I just asked him——" he relapsed into the delights of the catalogue, leaving his sentence in the air.

Just then a very old lady appeared at the hall door. She was dressed in black, but over her white hair and under her plump round chin she had tied a red scarf which called attention imperiously to a face which was still fresh and childlike, with an odd sparkle about it, in spite of her evident age. In her hand she carried a packet of yellow old letters, holding them half consciously, just as a child drags its favorite toy.

"Have you got company here, Peggy?" she asked brightly.

"Howdy-do, Aunty Pink," Mrs. Grayson-Keener said, rising. "At least," she went on to Miss Peggy in an undertone, "you'll not be taken unaware when you hear from Mrs. Lightfoot."

II

IT WAS the summer of the contagious fever, and if ever a man had fallen in harness it was Doctor Lightfoot. Nearly every family in Pontomoc had had sickness. To complete the misery, quarantine put a stop to business and there was great lack of money. One day after the doctor had made his long round, during which he drew as freely from his purse as from his medicine bag, he went to bed; the next time he left his house he was followed by all the well people in Pontomoc, and by some whom he would have ordered back to quarters if his days of command had not been over. Pontomoc was not prepared to lose him, his wife least prepared of all.

He barely glanced up from his book

In a village, to be unprepared for a death means many things—among others, that mourning garments must be borrowed for the funeral. In this case they had been furnished by Miss Peggy Carruthers. As Mrs. Lightfoot's maid was bringing them back, the Carruthers children, seeing her coming down the road with a basket, rushed to relieve her of it, that they might have the excitement, themselves, of returning the crape-trimmed dress, the bonnet, and the long, sad veil to their mother.

Then followed a race to the house, all seven anxious to tell Miss Peggy first. Douglas got the lead with the basket, but the others swarmed close after him between the rose bushes, brushing off rose petals as they passed. They clamored up the gallery steps, surrounding Miss Peggy and incidentally stepping on the toes of Aunty Pink, their great-great-aunt.

Aunty Pink smiled at them without malice, but gathered her bunch of letters close to her and drew her feet under her chair. She had an impression of having seen these children before, but she was not quite certain, her memory refusing to trouble itself with anything so recent of advent as her great-great-nephews and nieces. "Pretty little objects," she commented; "they make a house so bright! But, bless your heart, I don't like 'em. When they're not *under* foot they're on top, and that's worse. Where do they all come from, Peggy? Isn't it time they went home?"

"They're going to spend the day, Aunty Pink," Miss Peggy answered, motioning the children back. She had long ago given up trying to convince her aunt that the children had a natural right to pervade the premises and tread on elderly toes.

"——and she said there was a note in the basket, too," piped one solitary voice after the rest had stopped.

Miss Peggy lifted the cover with nervous hands. It was a note of thanks, but it ended with a request that she should call at once on Mrs. Lightfoot.

"I must go to the village, Douglas, and I want you to stay right near the house and look out for Aunty Pink," she said.

"All right," the boy agreed. "Say, mamma, mayn't I ask her to let me look at the stamps on her old letters?"

"Indeed you mustn't," Miss Peggy declared. No one except their owner had ever looked at those old letters, but the whole of Pontomoc knew that they were from the lover whom Aunty Pink had lost in her youth. For years she had treasured them in secret, and now that they were always in sight Miss Peggy never allowed any one to speak to her about them. It almost seemed as if through long, sad years they had laid a charm on Aunty Pink, preserving her from the ordinary ravages of time, and in Miss Peggy's mind they stood for the Carruthers faithfulness, for sweet memories, for high ideals, and all that was most sacred. It seemed to her that the boy had reminded her of them opportunely, and the thought of them went with her to Mrs. Lightfoot.

The two women met in the little parlor where the doctor had been wont to receive his patients. The doctor's medicine bag stood in one corner, his books were on the shelves. Faint traces of his personality still asserted themselves in the worn, shabby, familiar comfort of the room. He had been the controlling and positive element in his house; Mrs. Lightfoot had been simply his wife—kind, to be sure, wise and helpful, but less spontaneous and sympathetic. It was scarcely possible to think of such a man in any form less tangible than that which the room suggested, and, except for Mrs. Lightfoot's face, one might have expected to see him at any moment, but there the tragedy of his death was written. Her features were stiff and white as if they had frozen under their tear marks, and out of her eyes her soul was staring cruelly, as if she were a shipwrecked woman holding to a bit of flotsam and ready to push off other hands. The flotsam was Douglas Carruthers' note for two thousand dollars.

For the owner of such eyes to attempt a tone of gentle commonplace through such pale set lips was a painful evidence of self-control. She spoke of having gone over the doctor's papers with Mr. Grayson Keener and finding the note

And perhaps you had never heard of it," she suggested

"I had never heard of it until Mrs. Grayson-Keener told me," Miss Peggy said. "You know how suddenly my husband died. I knew nothing of his business and there were very few records of it. Doctor Lightfoot never mentioned this note

"That was his way. Always waiting till the people who owed him offered payment."

But I didn't know of the note

Mrs. Lightfoot's fingers worked nervously on the arms of her chair. Otherwise she was quiet as stone. "You know of it now," she said

Miss Peggy was silent a moment, thinking against the dead wall of her poverty as she had been thinking night and day since Mrs. Grayson-Keener's visit. At last she looked up and met Mrs. Lightfoot's unnatural eyes. "Yes," she answered gently, "I know of it now, and I shall not rest until I have paid it. But I am afraid I can only save a little money at a time and make small payments. You know my resources as well as I do. I have nothing but the little place and what grows on it Often the only ready money I see in a year comes from the pecan grove

Your place," Mrs. Lightfoot said distinctly, "is security for the note, and I need the whole amount at once. I shall have to give up this house

Miss Peggy had not known how the note was secured. That was the detail which Mrs. Grayson-Keener, usually so full in her reports, had been obliged to omit There was an interval in which the younger woman seemed to retreat within herself, taking momentary shelter from all that the older woman's tone implied The surprise of the note and its security was scarcely so terrible as that of Mrs Lightfoot's face. It was only a fortnight ago that Miss Peggy, in that very room not finding the doctor, had told Mrs Lightfoot of an anxiety and had been comforted. Memory of a soothing tenderness, a bit of wise counsel, brought the tears to her eyes, and her heart quickened to pleading

Think of my children," she said

I have," Mrs. Lightfoot answered

but I am alone and helpless and poor poorer than you are. The doctor had given away everything. Even his life insurance was unpaid this summer. It is simply a question of which of us shall have that place, and by every right it's mine"

Miss Peggy got to her feet. "I shall make every effort to raise the money, but if I fail I shall be as anxious to surrender the place as you to receive it—I never heard of a Carruthers trying to evade a just debt," she said. Her eyes were brimming, but her pride triumphed over their testimony, and when she spoke the family name it was as if she folded about her the whole pride of a race which had always preferred honor to ease. Once when she had spoken in that way she had been told that she was not a Carruthers and she had answered that she belonged to the family even more than those who were born into it, for she had entered it by her own free will

Her tone stung Mrs. Lightfoot "Wouldn't you like to see the note," she asked, "and be sure it's a just debt?

Miss Peggy shook her head. "My lawyer will look at it, but it will be a mere formality. Doctor Lightfoot wouldn't have kept a note that oughtn't to be paid. Good-day.

"Peggy!" Mrs. Lightfoot cried. The lines of her face were suddenly convulsed She caught Miss Peggy's arm

You think I'm hard. You think I consider—nobody but myself. You think I forget that you have seven children and Aunty Pink to take care of. You—you hate me, and I'm all alone, and I need friends. I'm old and faded, and nobody ever cared for me, really—it was all for Doctor Lightfoot I've got to care for myself. I've got to live."

I understand," Miss Peggy said

"No, you don't understand. You're young and pretty still, in spite of all those children. You can marry to-morrow and be taken care of all the rest of your life if you choose

"And suppose I don't choose?"

"Will that be my fault? Is it right for you to keep me out of my due because you prefer not to marry?"

Miss Peggy's eyes were dry now and sparkling "I've not suggested keeping you out of your due," she said

"But if I take your house, and you don't marry, people will hate me

"I shall be sorry."

Mrs. Lightfoot sank back into her chair You think I am hard, but it's you that are hard on me Sit down, Peggy—I want to talk to you. We've always been friends Why shouldn't we be frank with each other?"

Miss Peggy did not sit down again. "It seems to me we are very frank," she said

I am, but you—you are trying to make me feel that I am hard on you, when you have all the world to choose from, and I have nothing. I——" A strange, deep flush spread over her face There was shame in it, and a fierce determination to be understood, and dread of the contempt which understanding might bring "We are not children, Peggy" she went on, trying to measure the effect of her words. "We have to face—actualities. Our husbands were both improvident. Neither of us has been trained to make money. For such women there is only one outlook—a second marriage. I can speak of it, even now, because it will never be for me I am old and plain. Men would see me starving and they wouldn't open that door to me. God knows I shouldn't want them to, except that it would be a way to live. But it's not for me. Nothing is for me—nothing but such crumbs as the dogs may pick up, and the little I can grasp and hold out of Doctor Lightfoot's affairs. And yet people will call me hard, and hate me for taking your place when it's mine by right, and you don't need it as I do. Why aren't you frank with me? Why don't you admit that you don't need it that whenever you please you can marry Tom Taylor?"

Oh!" Miss Peggy said softly. "Oh! You are counting on *that!*" She stood for a moment white and unworldly as her own ideals, looking down into the other woman's defiant face.

He is a good man," Mrs. Lightfoot urged. "I thought you liked him. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you about the note if I hadn't supposed—if Mrs. Grayson-Keener hadn't assured me—she was afraid you might refuse him, and so she went at once to tell you about the note, and when she came back after finding him there——"

Yellow old love-letters — everywhere they are much the same

"Oh!" Miss Peggy murmured in the same tone as before so *that* was why Mrs. Grayson wanted to prepare me. You thought I would marry Tom Taylor whether I cared for him or not, just to have him pay what my husband left unpaid." She stood for a moment looking around the room, where the doctor's belongings seemed to promise that at any moment he might enter, bringing peace and generosity. Suddenly her lips began to quiver; she opened the door and went out She had already said good-day

III

IN PONTOMOC it is a fashionable diversion to meet the passenger trains A quarter of an hour before one is due the rusty old carriages, the diminutive carts and jumpers, and the sleek turnouts of the half dozen wealthy families draw up alongside of the platform, and people chat from conveyance to conveyance until the train whistles. In midsummer the women wear fluffy white gowns, and toward evening, when the worst danger of sunburn is past, they come bareheaded and barehanded if they choose as much at home in their carriages by the station platform as on their own galleries They know all who come and all who go, and call cordial greetings back and forth As soon as they get possession of their friends and their newspapers they wake their dozing horses and drive away. It is a pretty, sociable custom, and it keeps the tidings of the neighborhood in circulation

During the summer of the contagious fever quarantine put a stop to these assemblies. Few trains stopped at Pontomoc, and the platform was drearily silent, unfringed by carriages. But when quarantine was finally lifted the carriages reappeared, and on that very day Miss Peggy Carruthers was seen to take the train for New Orleans

Two days later she returned She was looking tired and rather paler than usual, for she had hoped to raise money to pay the Lightfoot note, and had failed. People spoke or smiled their greetings to her, and, as she was the only person of consequence who left the train, she continued to be a target for the general gaze as she crossed the platform, looking for the cart which should have been waiting for her

Mrs. Grayson Keener was sitting erect and sumptuous in her comfortable phaeton, one hand held high and stiff grasping and occasionally jerking the reins over the ungovernable Aaron, who looked back with reproach when her jerking disturbed him. She leaned toward Miss Peggy smiling as if there were some little secret between them; but her voice, though confidential in its inflections, could be heard afar.

"Nobody is here from your place, but Tom Taylor will be driving right by Perhaps he told your man not to come."

Taylor, several carriages away, jumped to the platform and came forward, blushing like a boy.

I've not taken any liberties with your man, Miss Peggy," he assured her, "but since he's not here, I hope you'll give me the pleasure——"

"I shall be very glad not to walk," Miss Peggy said. He helped her in, and they drove away, with the eyes of Pontomoc following them like so many cameras taking photographs. Outside the village the road was a straight white path bordered with pine trees. Silence was everywhere about them, merely emphasized by a sighing wind and by the fullness of the sunlight which distilled balm from the woods and undergrowth. Quarantine had yielded like an exotic to the first touch of frost, and now a hazeless Indian summer had set in. Miss Peggy leaned back, yielding to a sense of defeat She could almost hear the clamor of her children at sight of her and their equal delight at having Taylor stop to speak to them. There was no question that he loved them and they loved him. He was kind and true and simple hearted. His very silence argued for him, promising her peace as well as comfort and security If she were to turn to him, if she put out her hand even, it would all be settled, all the future would be assured. But for a Carruthers to recall a rejected lover to let him pay her debts! She clutched her dress with the hand that was nearest him, and turned her face away like a child who has seen temptation

You are very tired," Taylor said, and his voice shook.

"Yes, I'm very tired."

"And I have a feeling that you're in trouble—that something troublesome has happened

She looked at him then, and nodded

It was useless for him to try to read the puzzle of her eyes, but he knew there was some message in them for him

"Is there anything I can do for you, Peggy? You know it is with me—now and always

"Oh, wait, wait!" she begged. "If you can help me I will tell you. Give me a few days more." She buried her face in her hands and shrank into the corner of the carriage.

Taylor lashed his horse and they said nothing more until he helped her down in front of her own gallery.

For once there was not a child in sight, but Aunty Pink was in her rocking-chair. When Taylor was gone, Miss Peggy put a hand on each of the old lady's shoulders and looked deep into her alert brown eyes. "Try to think for me; try to help me," she said, emphasizing each word. Her hold grew almost to a grip. "You are the only Carruthers left. Be yourself, be your dear, wise self, and tell me what to do."

"Do?" the old lady repeated. She tried to shrink out of the hands that held her, but they would not let go.

"Ought I to give up?" Miss Peggy commanded. "Is it ever right to marry a man you don't love for the sake of other people? Tell me what to do."

Aunty Pink's face quivered with frightened, puzzled sympathy, and then broke into a smile. "Why, *do right*, Peggy," she cried.

Miss Peggy dropped down on the gallery step. In her hopeless perplexity a voice spoke out within her, crying for the refuge and comfort of Tom Taylor's love. She looked at Aunty Pink again. "But even—even if I could come to care for him, I couldn't let him pay that note."

The old lady bent over and patted her head. A flitting, vague understanding of Miss Peggy's suffering came to her. "I had trouble, too," she said, "for years and years. Nothing ever helped me except my letters. I never let anybody know I'd kept them, but I don't mind if you read them, they—they'll tell you what is right." The last light of a strong, generous spirit shone for a moment in her eyes. She held out the letters in her tremulous old hands. "Read them, Peggy," she insisted. "I—I am not what I used to be, but they are just the same."

Miss Peggy took them and held them a long time. She and her husband had scarcely written to each other, they had lived so near when they were lovers, had been so little parted afterward. It seemed as if this older lover's messages would be from him.

She untied the ribbon and began to read.

Yellow old love-letters—everywhere they are much the same: ardent assurances, words of longing, the sweet, gay chatter that is possible where perfect understanding is assured. And sometimes there were letters more serious, in which the thought of death came up like a premonition. "We have pledged faith with each other," one of them said, "but, I beg you, never let this love of ours become a burden. Suppose that my ship goes down on one of our cruises, suppose that you are young still, with long, long years ahead. You will never forget me. You will never love again quite as you love me. But if some man grows dear to you, and you find your heart turning to him when life is hard——"

The letter fluttered back into its fold. "Ah," Miss Peggy murmured, "ah, not that!"

She started and flushed. Little Douglas had slipped to her side unnoticed and was poring over the stamps of the letters which she had finished and laid down.

"Mamma!" he cried, "let me look at the rest of them. Why, they're the rarest stamps in the world; they're worth hundreds of dollars apiece. Didn't you hear Mr. Taylor telling about these old local stamps? 'Annapolis—'46,' 'Baltimore—'45 and '46.' Aunty Pink could just cut the stamps out and sell them for thousands and thousands——"

Miss Peggy bent with him over the stamps and the catalogue, while he pointed to the facsimiles; the price had fairly stopped her heart. One hundred dollars for this stamp, three hundred for that—thousands and thousands! Freedom from debt, freedom from a forced, dishonorable choice, freedom to let her heart cling to its old loneliness or be comforted. The stamps were nothing to Aunty Pink, the written messages were only a memory. She had ceased to read the letters; she only treasured the packet in her hands.

The figures swam before Miss Peggy's eyes. Thousands and thousands—the gift of faithfulness—and yet that message, telling of faith in spite of change? She searched for the letter which she had closed, and held it trembling in her hands.

"Not now," she murmured—"at least not now. Every one must understand that Aunty Pink has paid the debt. But——"

She took the catalogue out of the boy's hands.

"Douglas," she said, "Mr. Taylor can help us about this; he will know far more about these stamps than the book tells us. I wish you would run over to his place and bring him here."

The King's Day Off

By Vance Thompson

How William of Germany Saw the Sights of Paris

THE German Emperor has the habit of being mysterious. There is in him more than a little of Haroun-al-Raschid. Indeed, Mr. Poultney Bigelow (who was a fellow student at Bonn, with the Second Wilhelm and should know) once hinted that the Emperor would have been happiest could he have been an actor, playing not only regal rôles, but as well the dark, cloaked figures that strut through the melodramas. Well, at last the Kaiser has had his chance, he has played Bouridan—cloaked in mystery. Disguised as an Englishman he visited Paris, bargained with cabbies, saw everything there was to be seen at the Exposition—including that wonderful pageant devised by Caran d'Ache, wherein the great Napoleon passes with his victorious army along the hills of Jena. (I wonder what this new war-lord thought of the other war-lord.)

Really there was no need for Wilhelm's disguise. He might have come frankly into Paris; and this statement I make on absolutely sound authority. Perhaps some of the hotheads might have grumbled a bit; good patriots—for after all there is such a thing as patriotism, and we all love it, except when it happens to be our neighbor's patriotism and not our own particular brand—good patriots, I say, might have shouted in the streets and made trouble for the politicians, but Wilhelm would have been quite as safe as in his own Thiergarten. Just such a reception, I fancy, that Vice-President-elect Roosevelt would have should he expose himself in the Prado of Madrid. People wouldn't love him; but they would not throw eggs at him. And it is all quite natural. At one time a King of England would have been extremely unpopular in the streets of New York—down Bowling Green way, for instance. But, grumbling aside, the Kaiser might have visited Paris in full security. More than this: I can affirm that he was formally invited to visit the Exposition.

That, of course, would have been too commonplace. Since he could not come as Lohengrin, he came as Hawkshaw. Let me tell you, and the story is told for the first time, just how the Emperor slipped into Paris, saw what was to be seen and slipped away. We shall go back, then, to April 12, 1900.

Disguised, the Emperor Begins His Journey

In a first-class compartment of the St. Petersburg-Berlin Express were two insignificant travelers. (It reads like Dumas, does it not?) One of them was a stout little man, the hair of him already gray. His name was Miquel, for he was and is one of the greatest financiers of Berlin. It was he, indeed, who "negotiated" the debts which the Kaiser heaped up in the days before he came to the throne. The second traveler was a man well set-up, with square shoulders, fat cheeks, heavy-lidded eyes and a long, drooping mustache. He was dressed in English tweeds and wore on his short-clipped hair a tweed traveling-cap, decorated with a button of the bicycle Touring Club. He smoked cigars and talked with Miquel in English. One of his arms—like that of Richard III—was withered, but one would hardly have noticed the fact, for he held it straight at his side and the tailor had known how to hide the deformity. Now this man, of course, was Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, and incidentally King of Prussia, and seventy times Prince and Duke. The train reached the Gare du Nord just after daybreak. The two travelers took a cab—at thirty cents for the drive—and went directly to Herr Miquel's apartment in the Rue de l'Université. This is an old and quiet street. Herr Miquel has had his Paris den there for years.

Now the two conspirators had succeeded. Not a soul knew they were in Paris. It had been given out to the journals that the Kaiser was hunting on his own estate in Saxony. Quite gayly they sauntered out. This was, you remember, before the Exposition had opened. In order to enter the grounds it was necessary to procure special tickets. These tickets, however, were common enough. Every journalist had them by the score. Of course Herr Miquel had provided himself with two cards. They passed the gates and strolled up the Rue des Nations toward the German pavilion. Fortunately for this imperial truant, Herr Richter, the German Commissioner, who knows the Emperor very well, was not at the pavilion that day. The employees paid no attention to this English-looking tourist and his companion, the universal banker. After leaving the German building they crossed the Alexander III Bridge, examined the façades of the two art palaces and went out by the big gate giving on the Place de la Concorde. They drove then to the Café Anglais on the Boulevard and dined in a private room on the first floor. The bill was thirty-five francs, and Herr Miquel paid it, giving a thrifty tip of three francs to the waiter. Then in an open cab they drove to the Bois de Boulogne, passing out at St. Cloud. There for nearly three-quarters of an hour they walked up and down the quay, discussing, it may be (for this is a guess), the things that happened thirty years ago, when from those heights the Prussians sent their shells Parisward. They drove back through the Bois, dined at Herr Miquel's pied-à-terre in the Rue de l'Université, and left for Strasburg and Berlin by the evening express.

And you ask me how I know those things?

He Did Not Know that He was Watched

The next morning M. Lépine, head of the Paris police, presented a report to the Government describing every detail of the Emperor's visit—even to what he had eaten and how many bottles of wine (there were three) had been ordered for that *déjeuner* at the Café Anglais. And here there comes in a very pretty instance of French politeness. At the time this report was pigeonholed; no one knew the Emperor had been to Paris—not even Herr von Munster, the aged and dreamy Prince who was then chief of the German Embassy. The Kaiser himself left Paris, perfectly certain that his little adventure was quite unknown. To-day he knows that not for one moment was he unprotected, that the very cabman to whom he paid thirty cents was one of M. Cochefort's most trusted agents, and that the old cabby who took him to St. Cloud was another police agent. Now he knows; he didn't then.

He and Miquel went laughing back to Berlin. It was such a good joke they determined to try it again. In October, you may remember, the Kaiser—according to every newspaper in the world—visited Metz and Strasburg; for three days, however, he withdrew "for quiet" to a castle in Alsace-Lorraine, the property of one of his international kinsmen. The Empress herself returned to Berlin.

These three days—or rather a good part of them—Wilhelm passed in Paris. He came, as he had done before, accompanied by only one traveling companion. This friend was, I am informed, an army officer, but I have not been able to learn his name. Both he and the Kaiser were dressed in ordinary traveling clothes; they affected the style and manners of commonplace German merchants. I need not say that on this occasion M. Lépine was not caught napping. I have heard his report summarized by the man who, of all Frenchmen, stands nearest the President of France. It was at a breakfast in a country house and the pheasants we ate had been shot by no one less august than M. Loubet himself. I shall not rehearse the peregrinations of this jolly war-lord. You can imagine the perturbations of the French Government when they knew he was wayfaring from one music hall to another, from Maxime's to the queer little theatres of the Rue de Paris.

In Danger of Assassination by Anarchists

"It was not so much," said my friend, "that we feared the good people of Paris would turn upon him and rend his mustaches, but you know at that time there was a tremendous Anarchist scare—suppose some crazed Bresci had killed the Emperor of Germany in a midnight restaurant? *Mais pensez donc!*" he added with a gesture that meant scare heads and newspaper columns, wars and revolutions. No, you do not care to know all the adventures of this modern Haroun-al-Raschid; let us leave them for a new Arabian Nights; only this: I should like to tell you the story of how the German Legation discovered its Emperor. The third Tuesday in October there was a reception at the German pavilion. German songs were sung. A German band played. All the newspaper correspondents, who, when they are not making wars, sowing dissension or overturning dynasties, are busy hunting paragraphs, were there. One of them was Algernon Dougherty, the Paris correspondent of the London Express. He drove up in a cab to the door of the Exposition that opened on the Rue des Nations, near the German pavilion. There was a string of carriages waiting there.

"Wait here for me," said Mr. Dougherty.

The cabman grumbled. For it was Exposition time and prices were up.

"Will you be long gone, *mon bourgeois?*" he asked.

"Not more than ten minutes," said Mr. Dougherty with journalistic cheek; "I only want to say howdy-do to the Emperor of Germany."

"*Allez, mon prince,*" said the cabby jokingly.

Now, next to the cab was a smart black and-blue coupé, driven by a German coachman. It was the private coupé of the Prince von Munster, Ambassador of Germany to France.

"I say," exclaimed the German coachman, "what did he say?—the Emperor is here?"

"Of course," said the Paris cabby disdainfully, "didn't you know that?"

The Gypsying Comes to a Sudden End

Within five minutes the word was passed to Herr Richter; within ten minutes he had a telephone reply from M. Lépine, declaring that the Kaiser was at that very moment in the German pavilion, guarded by six detectives. The random joke of the journalist and the cabby had come true. Things do happen that way now and then.

That night the errant war-lord was captured and taken by the Prince von Munster to the German Embassy, at No. 78 Rue de Lille. Perhaps the Prince von Munster dared to remonstrate with his august master on the folly of these masquerades; at all events, the next morning the Emperor Wilhelm went back to his throne and his duty and his domesticity; equally true is it that within six weeks the Prince von Munster was displaced. There is a new German Ambassador in France to-day, and the old Prince is thinking, thinking——

"Kings are kittle cattle," said a Scotchman once upon a time.

The Public School of the Twentieth Century

By E. Benjamin Andrews

Chancellor of the University of Nebraska

IN A RECENT work on finance, Henry C. Adams says, in substance, that if this Republic is to continue free, all grades of education must be provided for at the general cost. This for the reason that in privately endowed schools the teaching is shaded to suit the social classes from which the benefactors hail. Consciously or unconsciously the bias of the class which maintains these institutions is displayed in their work. There is a great truth in this. The instruction given in privately endowed schools is usually not intended to be prejudiced, and yet a certain prejudice it cannot avoid. Questions vital to the masses are either not discussed at all, or only superficially and one-sidedly. This being so, the inquiry what is to be the character of the public schools in the twentieth century becomes most interesting and important. In so brief an article we can touch only the salient points in the coming change.

Could we not hope for betterment in the present condition of the public school system the outlook would not be bright. There would be good ground to fear that the public school system would pass away, its unfruitfulness being its ruin. Recalcitrant taxpayers, even now sometimes to be met with, disinclined to bear the burdens imposed on them for education would grow in numbers, and, on becoming a majority, would deprive the system of all means to sustain a rich life, at last killing it altogether. But I have hope, as all true Americans must have. The public school is the foundation whereon shall arise a civic life of superb accomplishments. The betterment to come is to take effect in several forms.

The public schools of the future will have saner administration than is possible now. The educational report which the commission appointed by Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, recently put forth contains bright foregleams of the changes in the administrative methods of the public schools destined to characterize the new century. There will be some modifications in the propositions of the commission, but the central reforms it recommended will be worked out. Some of the changes proposed at first seem extreme; on study all are seen to be necessary and imperative. Indeed at some points the commission fails to go far enough.

Responsible Management by Specialists

Nearly all boards of education are unwieldy. Their meetings are not conferences with sincere desire to dispatch necessary business, but political debates wherein sides are taken and speeches made to the galleries. Many members, little interested, are so ignorant that designing colleagues easily use them in perpetrating jobs. In a board of six or seven members such evils could hardly appear; witness the history of the State universities, nearly every one of which is governed by a very small board, meeting for honest, earnest, efficient conference. Business is transacted rapidly, nearly all votes are unanimous, and jobs are practically unknown.

Early in the new century men will find that the interests of the pupils and teachers, also the interests of the public, the taxpaying body supporting the schools, can be best served by conducting the schools upon the same lines of central and expert responsibility on which banks, railroads and other great business institutions are conducted. The management of a bank, a wholesale mercantile establishment or a railroad is always placed in expert hands. Men of the keenest sagacity and the widest experience are sought for such executive positions, and then all business matters are resigned to them, directors and stockholders keeping their hands off. The officers come to their duties with breadth of mind, the courage of their convictions, brain power and tested ability. The citizen of the early future will insist that the public school system shall in the same way have expert and really responsible functionaries for Superintendent and Business Manager, to whom shall be committed all business of an administrative nature, to be attended to without interference on the part of board committees or members.

In most boards of education a mixed system prevails, which, besides being the cause of endless annoyance, is death to all really effective management. There is incessant, pernicious meddling with the administration—by members of the board as individuals, upon whom, in that character, no responsibility rests for the conduct of the schools. Some of these officious persons mean well, no doubt. They think the ark must be steadied. They believe that they have an office to fulfill which cannot be delegated. They do not see what good management involves. Not seldom, however, the disturbance is as vicious in its motive as in its results. Executive heads of educational systems ought not to be interfered with save when they fail in the performance of the duties imposed upon them. It is best that specialist talent should control the administration even at the risk of occasional errors.

It is delightful to see that the fussy and pernicious activity referred to is decreasing. One of the great drawbacks to ideal public education in America is thus nearing an end. Very pronounced is the growth of good public thought on this subject in Chicago—the most American city of the nation; [illegible] the vital problems of the twentieth century will first attain solution. In every progressive city there is less and less disposition to interfere with a school official whose aim is to perform his duty; more and more determination to hold him accountable for his acts, and, until he fails, permit his judgment to prevail. This is a tremendous improvement, which will rapidly reach consummation. Among the American people reform movements, after their first inception, do not move slowly.

Those are in error who think of training each child by himself as the ideal method. For average pupils class teaching is the best. Example, emulation, comradeship count for much. The good teacher that is to be will, however, keep the classes well down to thirty each, and make special provision both for very brilliant and for pronouncedly dull pupils. The bright will not be held back nor permitted to skip the work of any grade; the backward will not be discouraged by failure in tasks beyond their power. In a school of usual size, both these sorts of pupils will be taught in one ungraded room. A large school will have two such rooms, one for each set. For both the teaching will be the very best which money can provide. When possible the instruction will still be groupwise, though in a few cases it may need to be individual.

The Present a Period of Advancement

The new century school will be better taught than now, as well as better administered and graded. When the press criticises our common schools it tells much truth, yet at the same time misses much truth. Instance what is said in criticism of "fads"—that is, music, drawing, manual training and the household arts. This criticism is often just, but not so in the way meant. Misapprehension of the nature of the so-called fads leads many to denounce them who would not do so if informed. We are passing through an era of pedagogical changes, few of which are perfectly worked out; all of which, however, are creditable. Our very crudity is our glory, a case of what Professor Palmer might call the "glory of the imperfect." Household art, manual training, drawing and music have been added to our courses of study, but it is to be admitted that most of these disciplines have not yet been brought into final congruence with the old work or with one another. Correlation is in progress, but takes its time, and we must wait the outcome. Few geniuses engage in teaching. Results must be reached by patient study of conditions and the practical application of such resources as we can command.

The work performed by the child in manual training, for instance, is worth all its cost as a knack or sleight-of hand, and ten times its cost as an aid to motor efficiency and morality. No other pedagogical agency equals it in awakening the dull or in reforming the vicious. Proper manual training is at bottom mental; it does not retard but advances mental attainments. Still more is this true of color work, drawing and the various attempts at art. They are educative in a great variety of ways, exerting a manual, a mental, an æsthetic and a moral influence. An almost spontaneous art power resides in many children, which needs only cultivation to become a benign factor in their lives.

Handicapped as we are by imperfect correlation we are teaching the old studies better than could be done before "fads" were introduced; so that whatever widening of horizon, elixir of life or bent toward high character and aims we are now imparting is clear gain. If so much is true already, what may we not expect when full correlation is reached?

Twentieth century school teaching will blend into due harmony what I may denominate the pedagogy of gush and the pedagogy of grind. Teachers of a certain sort, very numerous, and on the whole highly successful, deem it the Alpha and Omega of their work to tap pupils' spontaneity, to call forth their interest, turning it, whenever necessary, from voluntary to involuntary, to arouse tremendous enthusiasm in them, to keep them pitched in the highest key.

Over against this method of holding a child's mind to his school work, depending wholly on involuntary interest, there is still in vogue the pedagogy of grind, which minimizes spontaneity and involuntary interest and places all the stress upon voluntary interest. Devotees of this system nearly all bewail the passing of the birch. It might well be called "birch pedagogy;" it is, at any rate, wooden. Extremes in the pedagogy of grind and extremes in the pedagogy of gush are alike to be avoided. These two pedagogies must be blended into a single rational method.

The teacher, for his part, should certainly try to be a source of interest to the pupil, but woe to the pupil if he depend for motive on this foreign source. The work of life is not always pleasant. Usually, interest in your work cannot be supplied by another, and when, perchance, it is, there is a lessening of your own strength, a growth of dependence, a loss of manliness. The power of pupils' initiative must be developed by self-reliance and a capacity to act independently.

No greater virtue can exist in a child than the inspiration to finish an unpleasant task. The old-fashioned country school excelled in its insistence on self-reliance. Some of its methods will find place in the schools of the next century.

A Return to the School of the Wilderness

One result of too much dependence upon involuntary attention is to keep pupils from paying close attention to the logical elements of knowledge, training their minds to incoherence, discontinuity, the avoidance of details, and the disuse of the reasoning power. Logical continuity in mental work at last becomes impossible, though in the way of fact knowledge the pupil may veritably heap Pelion on Ossa, figuring as a walking encyclopædia, equally ludicrous and useless. In studying general nature, animal life, the mineral world, or the vegetable kingdom, he uses only his eyes, jumbling together masses of observations. Thinking, he does not learn. We need a return to the methods of the school in the wilderness forty years ago, when the book and the pupil's hard study of it made him a man.

Not alone light but strenuous reading should be urged—essays, history, science, philosophy, books that test and [illegible] that drill. Noble passages should be memorized, and the most cardinal dates of human history learned once for all. This sort of study requires will-power, but it is indispensable, and should be insisted upon. A pupil should on graduation have not only an open mind and a beautiful nature, but a resolute will and an amount of absolutely correct information in detail.

Too many boys and girls after leaving school show evident disinclination to make strenuous effort of any kind. They lack the power of strong exertion, courage, resolution, grit—"sand." They are afraid to take the initiative. The school teaching of the next century will correct this, developing the strenuous qualities in children. The pupil will cease to feel that he must be extraneously interested before he can act. Instead of looking to his teacher for interest, as the pedagogy of gush has taught him, he will learn to find that quality within himself. It will no longer be beaten into his mind that his teacher must amuse him, keep him attentive. A suggested task may be never so dull or hard, he will still be able to think of it as required, as having claims upon him. Plenty of the tonic of driving the will to perform unpleasant duties will continually be given him.

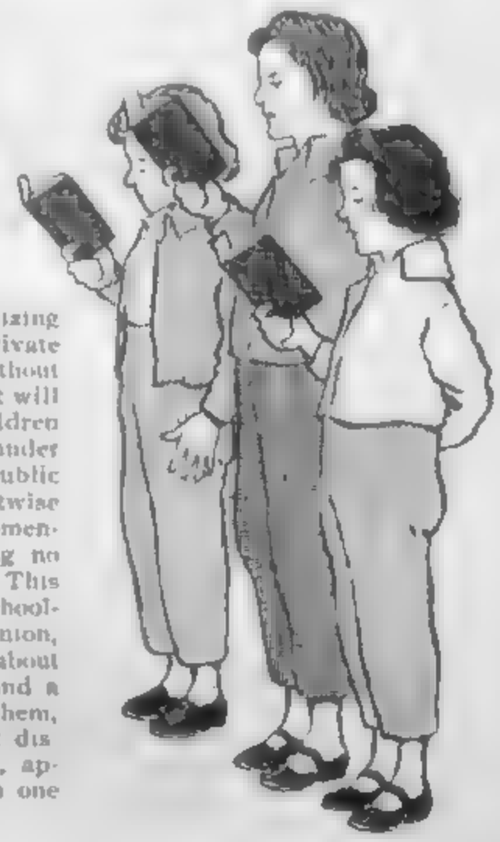
Good Morals Part of the Curriculum

The time seems near at hand when public schools will be able to teach the elements of morality in a positive way. Hitherto they have not been permitted to attempt this because the simplest moral teaching has been thought to involve dogma. This fear is now seen to be groundless. All are becoming aware that for practical purposes morality can be taught without dipping into religion.

Public sentiment would even now sanction the positive and regular teaching in the public schools of cleanliness in body, speech and thought, of temperance, of the rights and laws of property, of public spirit, love of country, regard for parents, the aged, the feeble, the unfortunate. There are no parents who do not wish their children schooled in these vastly important duties.

All the common virtues need to be inculcated in the school as well as at home. This is a work that the school of the twentieth century is going to undertake and successfully carry out. A most useful code of morals will be taught in the schools, which will fasten upon the child at the very beginning of his mental life the principles that tend to produce good citizenship, the end and aim of the public school system.

When the common virtues are thus taught in the public schools as part of their regular office, when we bring before all children in this effective way the difference between right and wrong, and the royal claims of duty, the schools will take on a new relation to the people now patronizing various forms of private schools. Then, without quarrel or dispute, it will be seen that all children can be safely placed under the auspices of the public school system, sectwise divisions among elementary schools being no longer necessary. This reform in public schooling is, in my opinion, destined to bring about universal interest and a common faith in them, all citizens, without distinction of creed, applauding them with one voice.



In the Name of the Late Captain Kidd

By Joe Lincoln

CAPTAIN JONADAB BAXTER was arguing with his daughter. The Captain's method of pursuing an argument was to be smiling and peaceful so long as his views agreed with those of his opponent, but at the slightest symptom of opposition to lose his temper, pound the furniture and shout. The second stage had been reached early in this particular controversy.

"You sha'n't marry him!" roared the Captain, smiting the unoffending dining-table.

"I shall marry him," said his daughter, calmly hemming a napkin.

"Mary Baxter, do you hear what I'm sayin'?"

"Yes, father, and so do the neighbors."

"Confound the neighbors! I'm talkin' to you for your good. Long's I thought Levi Lothrop was a smart young feller that knew his business I was willin' you should marry him. But when I see with my own eyes that he didn't know no more about cabinet-makin' than a hen does about playin' the melodeon, then, says I: 'Where's my girl's bread and butter comin' from if she has *him* for a husband? Where's——'"

"Why, father!" interrupted Mary; "you know that Levi is a fine cabinet-maker and is doing a real nice business. Just because that old chair of yours broke down——"

"Old chair! 'Twas a brand-new chair."

"Yes, but you wouldn't let him make it the way a chair should be made. You stood over him all the time and insisted that it should be made your way and not his. He told you it would break down if he didn't put the braces in the back."

"Rubbish! I guess if a schooner's masts will stand without a mess of wooden braces a chair back ought to. Fust time I see that chair on the stocks I could tell he was makin' it landlubber fashion, and when I'd showed him how it oughter be made he went to work and fixed it so I pretty nigh broke my back when I sot down in it. And then he said 'twas my fault! *Mine!* Well, him and this fam'ly's done keepin' comp'ny! But don't you feel bad, Mary; I realize that it's time you had a good husband to help you provide for your father's old age, so I'm goin' down to talk it over with Barzilla Wingate and see who we can think of for you to marry."

"Well, I never! What has Mr. Wingate got to do with my marrying, I should like to know?"

"In his day he was as smart a fust mate as ever hailed from this town, and the advice of a man like that ain't to be sneezed at, let me tell you! Now you mind what I say, and don't speak another word to that Lothrop critter long's you live."

The Captain, evidently considering the affair settled, put on his hat and started for the door.

"Father," said Mary decidedly; "I shall marry Levi Lothrop or nobody."

"Then you'll marry nobody!" roared the old man; "I don't see where you git your stubbornness from!"

"I do," said Mary, but the slam of the back door was the only answer her parent deigned to make.

When the Captain was in trouble he turned to his bosom friend, Barzilla Wingate, for advice. As this gentleman never, under any circumstances, ventured an opinion of his own, but invariably agreed with those of Captain Jonadab, the unique value of this advice at once becomes evident.

The Captain found Mr. Wingate seated on the "hurricane deck"—that is, the upper piazza—of the little hotel where he boarded, smoking a corncob pipe and keeping one eye on the weather-vane of a neighboring barn. When told of the breakdown of the chair he said "Sho!" Lothrop's unparalleled audacity in hinting that the fault lay with the Captain called forth the sage remark, "Well, I swan!" and the tale of Mary's stubbornness the comment, "You don't say!"

"Now, Barzilla," said Captain Jonadab; "Mary's my darter and she's got to do as I say, ain't she?"

"Sartin!"

"It don't make no odds who she wants to marry; it's who *I* want her to marry. That's Scripture, ain't it?"

"Literally."

"Well, then, it seems to me that the safest way to keep her away from that Lothrop swab is to think up some nice, promisin' young feller around here and marry her to him. Does that strike you as a judicious idee?"

The suggestion did strike the politic Barzilla as just that sort of an "idee," although the possibility of the "promisin' young feller" refusing to agree to such an arrangement did not seem to occur to either of the schemers. They went into executive session, and for an hour or more cudgeled their brains to no purpose. Each candidate named by Mr. Wingate was, as a matter of course, scornfully rejected by Captain Jonadab, and the latter himself could bring to mind no suitable single gentleman for a son-in-law.

At length they agreed to postpone further discussion of the subject until the next day, and it naturally followed that their train of thought automatically switched to its most traveled line, namely, that which led to buried treasure. Buried treasure was the Captain's hobby.

"I see by the paper," said Barzilla, "that a feller out in Pennsylvany found a pot of money buried in his pertater field t'other day."

"Yes, I read about it," grunted Captain Jonadab. "If the chaps in this town had any gumption some of 'em would have found more'n that 'fore this. I'm jest as sartin there's treasure buried somewheres along this coast as I be that I'm alive. Look at them old fashioned cannon the Gov'ment divers found on that sunk wreck four year ago. What craft but a pirate would carry guns like that? I don't take no stock in the yarn that she was a British man-er-war that went down in 1760. What would a British man-er-war be doin' way in close to Cape Cod here? No, sir, she was a pirate and as there wa'n't no treasure aboard of her it's safe to say she had jest put in and buried it somewheres near here. Ain't that so?"

As Barzilla had heard this same argument each day since the cannon were found he had had time to become convinced of its truth, so he said, "Yes, sir-*ee!*" and, nodding his head vigorously, began his accustomed reply to the effect that if he "was twenty year younger" he bet he "wouldn't wait many hours without huntin' for the place where 'twas buried." But he had got no further than the "bet" when he saw something which caused him to pause and drop his pipe.

From the "hurricane deck" of the hotel a view was to be had of many of the neighboring back yards, and, among others, the yard at the rear of Levi Lothrop's workshop. Through this yard two figures were strolling toward the back gate, one with its arm about the waist of the other. The first of these figures was Mr. Lothrop himself, the second was Miss Mary Baxter.

Captain Jonadab, astonished at the sudden cessation of his friend's speech, turned to look at him, and, following the direction of his gaze, saw the astounding spectacle just described. His first move was to leap to his feet and stand staring like a wooden image of wrath. His next was to dash his favorite clay pipe to pieces on the boards of the "hurricane deck" and to spring through the doorway into the hotel. Barzilla leaped after him, and, seizing him around the neck just as he was about to rush down the stairs, dragged him back and pinned him in a corner of the hall.

"Hold on! Hold on, Jona!" he gasped. "Where are you goin'?"

"Goin'!" howled the Captain; "I'm goin' to kill that carpenter! Gimme a belayin'-pin! Is there a belayin'-pin in this place?"

"Wait a minute, Jona; wait a minute and ca'm down! There ain't no harm done yet."

"Ain't no harm done! Why, I told the girl never to speak to that—that Feejee again, and here she is a-callin' on him 'fore I've been out of the house an hour. It's mutiny! rank mutiny! Oh, gimme a belayin'-pin!"

"Now—now—wait, Jonadab, wait! There ain't no use in bein' hasty. If you should hit that feller with—with a belayin'-pin or anything, jes' like's not he'd have you took up, and while you was in jail him and your darter would be gittin' married. No; the thing to do is to use strat*ee*gy."

The irate parent broke away at this juncture and started for the stairs, but his anxious adviser dragged him back once more, and for half an hour the argument raged up and down the hall, the Captain vowing instant vengeance and Barzilla imploring him to use "strat*ee*gy." At length the light of battle began to fade from the Baxter eye and the Captain gave some attention to what his companion was saying.

"Be—be strat*ee*gical, Jonadab," pleaded the panting and perspiring Mr. Wingate. "Now, if you could take Mary away somewheres where he couldn't see her. If she could only be on a—on a lightship or an island, or somewheres where he——"

The word island appeared to strike the Captain forcibly, for he hastily broke in.

"Hold on, now! that ain't so bad. I s'pose long's the girl's in town and ain't married that shark will be tryin' to see her on the sly. Now, why couldn't she and me go over to Goose Island for a spell and live in Cyrus Gould's house? He ain't goin' to open it this summer and he left the keys with me. Cy's a mighty good friend of mine and I know he'd jest as soon I would as not. I'll do it. But you must go with us, Barzilla."

"Why I—what—me?"

"Sartin! I can't keep my eye on the girl all the time, but two of us can keep watch and watch and see that that Lothrop don't git out in his boat to see her. Will you come?"

"Why—why, yes; I s'pose so."

"Barzilla," said the Captain, apparently much affected, "you're a friend, that's what *you* be! Shake!"

The proud but somewhat troubled Mr. Wingate extended his fist and the Captain grasped it. It was a touching tableau.

Goose Island, as the townsfolk call it; "Sprayside," as it is printed on Miss Theodosia Gould's scented note-paper, is a lonesome place at best. It is a barren strip of sand and beach plum bushes lying just off the end of Setuckit Point, about three miles from Orham. The big summer cottage was built thereon because, at that time, Miss Theodosia was suffering from an attack of poetic fever and wished to sleep where "the voice of the mighty ocean should lull her to rest." This season, however, the young lady had become convinced that her life was to be devoted to art, so the feminine portion of the family was summering at Rome. Mr. Cyrus Gould, who had formerly owned ships commanded by Captain Jonadab, was enjoying himself in Wall Street, and the cottage was deserted.

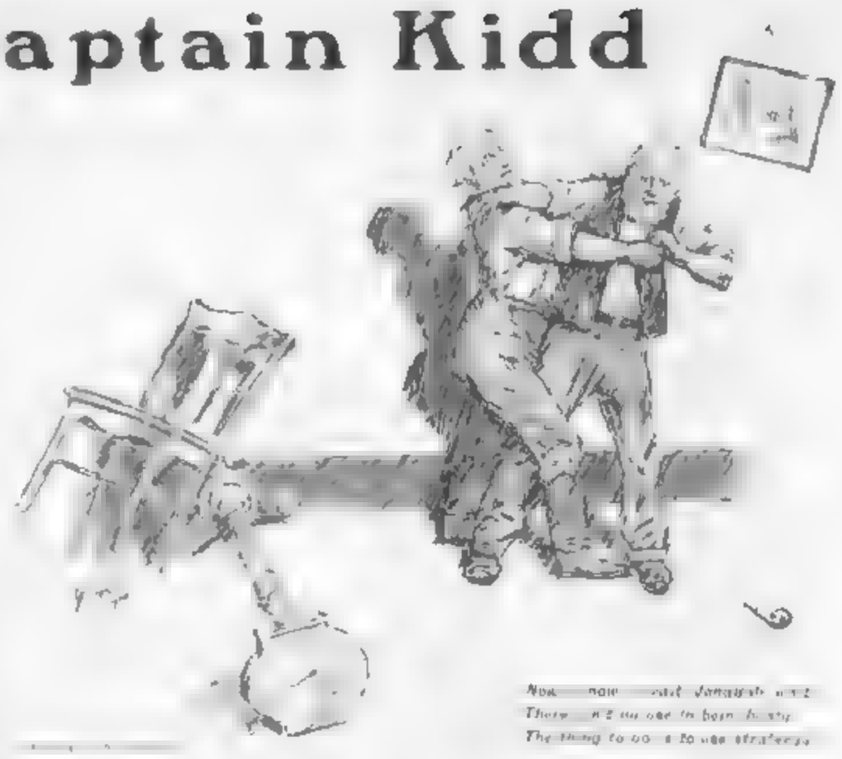
When Mary Baxter, who had been decoyed into the dory on the pretense of a sailing excursion, found that this cheerful spot was to be her residence, she was not happy. At first she announced that she would not step her foot on the horrid old place, but as she could not step it anywhere else without getting it wet she changed her mind. The Captain took possession of the cottage and set up housekeeping, with his daughter as cook and maid of all work, and Barzilla and himself as guards.

Mr. Lothrop was not long in discovering the hiding-place of his inamorata, and in less than a week his catboat appeared, headed for the island. But Captain Jonadab and Mr. Wingate, armed with shotguns, stood at the landing-place and gently intimated that his company was not desired, so he sailed away without further consolation than that afforded by the sight of a white handkerchief fluttering from an upper window of the cottage.

He came again the next day and the next, but to no more purpose. If Mary expressed a desire to walk to the farther end of the island, one of the old men and the shotgun always accompanied her. She was never allowed to be out of sight for any length of time, and at length Mr. Lothrop apparently gave it up as a bad job and his catboat ceased to haunt the waters surrounding "Sprayside."

At first Miss Baxter was dejected and miserable, weeping much in the solitude of her chamber and behaving generally as lovelorn maidens are supposed to do. But as the weeks went by she gradually regained her good humor, until, at the end of a month, she seemed her own pleasant self once more. Whereupon the two "strateegists" shook hands with the mien of conquerors and deemed the battle won.

But had these watchful sentinels been a little more discerning they might have noticed that Miss Baxter's good humor was always brighter on the days when Barzilla went over to Orham and returned with a dory-load of groceries and vegetables. If one has a friend in the provision trade it is possible to conceal a letter beneath a peck of potatoes, and even so dull a thing as a cabbage may hide amid its leaves a screed breathing undying devotion. Also it is possible to send an answering epistle under the paper in the bottom of an empty egg basket. But Captain Jonadab had forgotten these possibilities, and Barzilla, being a bachelor, had never



"By jings! I ain't his father-in-law yet!" he cried

known them, so the two old fellows told their treasure yarns with a joyous unconcern and speculated on the desirability of this or that youth as a prospective husband. And, in the solitude of his back shop, Levi Lothrop worked steadily

One morning, about six weeks after the removal to the Island, Mary and Barzilla, who were lingering over their breakfast, were surprised to hear the Captain bound up the front steps like a ten-year-old boy and scream wildly for an ax

"Where's the ax? Gimme an ax!" bellowed the Captain

"Oh, father, what is it?" cried Miss Baxter

"Gimme an ax!" roared Captain Jonadab, rushing into the dining-room. "Look at that, and gimme an ax so's I can bust it open!"

"That" was a small, weather beaten keg which he bore hugged to his breast. Noticing the blank expression on Barzilla's face he turned one end of the keg toward the latter gentleman, and there, burned in the wood by a hot iron, was the name

WILLIAM KIDD, MASTER

"Kidd?" said Barzilla musingly. "I don't seem to remember any feller named Kidd hailin' from around here

"You wooden head!" shouted Jonadab. "Didn't you never hear of Cap'n Kidd, the pirate?"

Mr. Wingate had risen to examine the keg, but now he sat down with such emphasis that he missed the chair and sprawled on the floor

"Jonadab Baxter!" he groaned, when he had regained his breath; "where did you git that keg?"

"I see one end of it stickin' up out of the beach in front of the house here," said the Captain. "I s'pose 'twas buried once, but the sand has been washin' away from it for years and years. For the love of goodness, how much longer must I stand here and holler for an ax?

The excited discoverer began to pound the keg upon the dining table in his anxiety to open it, so Mary hurried out to the woodshed and returned with a hatchet. For so old a keg it was amazingly stout and the Captain battered for some time before he knocked in the head

"By gum!" groaned the pallid Barzilla, "it's empty!"

"No, 'tain't," said the Captain; "there's a paper in it."

He drew out the paper as he spoke and unfolded it. It was stained and yellow, but written upon it was the following wondrous legend:

Memorandum of ye treasure buried by me on ye land known as Goose Island. Wait until ye shadow of ye large rock at ye end of ye island shall point directly at ye spit of land known as Setuckit Point. Then beginning at ye tip of ye shadow count five paces to ye right and four to ye left and there dig. W. A

Eight separate times in that endless forenoon did Captain Jonadab journey to the other end of the island to see if "ye large rock" was still there. And each time that he returned to report its solidity the nervous Barzilla felt it his duty to take the trip himself to "make sure there wa'n't no mistake."

They figured that the shadow would point toward Setuckit at about three o'clock that afternoon. Captain Jonadab laid out all the shovels, hoes and other digging utensils that he could find, and prepared a potato sack in which to bring back the treasure.

At length, after what seemed a century of waiting, the clock's hands pointed to two, and the Captain declared it time to start

"Git your sunbunnit on, Mary," he commanded

"Father," said the young lady addressed, "I am not going out in the hot sun to sit in the sand all the afternoon and watch you two dig. I am going to stay at home and sew"

The Captain ordered and the Captain argued, but order and argument were alike useless. Mary declared that she would believe in the treasure when she saw it, and positively refused to stir.

"Can't we both go this time, Jona?" asked Barzilla; "I don't b'lieve there's any danger of that Lothrop feller comin. He ain't been near here for a month now

"Mebbe so," said the Captain; "but I a n t goin' to take no chances. I know how we'll fix it. Mary, you go upstairs and sit in that chamber winder at the back of the house. We can see you if you set there and then we'll know you ain't in no mischief"

Mary protested, but her father declared she should do as he ordered or Barzilla should stay at home and keep guard, so she at last consented to the window arrangement.

It was a quarter past two when the treasure-seekers reached the rock which was easily identified, as it was the only one worthy of the name on the island. The shadow had not reached the desired point as yet, and there was nothing to do but wait. The sun moved provokingly slow

"Makes you wish you could reach up and shove it!" Barzilla said

"I *told* them lunkheads up in town there was treasure buried around here somewheres," crowed the triumphant Captain, "and they wouldn't b'lieve me. Mebbe they won't 'pooh!' quite so much when they see me rolling in di mon's"

"I'm goin' to keep a span," said Barzilla; "I always wanted to keep a span."

At three o'clock Mr. Wingate, lying flat on the rock and sighting over its top at the shadow, declared that the latter was "not quite," but was "pretty nigh." At three ten he said it was "nigher yet," and at three twenty he shouted, "She's right on the dot!"

They had some trouble in deciding which should pace the required distance. The Captain's limbs were lengthy, while Barzilla was called by irreverent persons "duck-legged" They finally decided that each should pace the "five to the right," and then, as Mr. Wingate expressed it, they could "strike a gin'ral average." The "gin'ral average" being struck, the same routine was followed in the four paces to the left, and then Jonadab marked a cross on the sand.

"Now," said he in an awestruck whisper and taking up a spade, "there's nothin' to do but dig"

That was all, but the digging was hot work. Their shovels sent the sand flying like snow from a rotary plow and the hole grew and grew, but no treasure appeared.

"You don't s'pose," faltered Barzilla, "that that Kidd feller changed his mind and come back and dug it up again, do you?"

"Be still!" sputtered the irate Captain; "let's think. Five paces to the right," he mused; "well, there they be. Now four to the le—— Oh, you blunderin' critter!"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Which *is* your left hand?"

"Why, this one! No, hold on, I guess 'tain't!"

"You shall not marry him," cried the Captain. "I forbid you to take Mary him," said his daughter

"I 'guess 'tain't,' too! Make a man work himself to death jest because you don't know the difference between your right hand and your left!"

"But, Jonadab," faltered Mr. Wingate, "you paced that way fust!"

The Captain made no answer beyond a contemptuous grunt, and his four paces were really to the left this time. But before digging again he turned to look at the distant house. Mary was seated at the window

"Seem's if this place was easier diggin' than the other," observed Barzilla, placing his foot on the crosspiece of his spade. "You'd almost think somebody had dug here lately."

He jammed the spade downward as he spoke and it struck against some hard substance with a jar that made his teeth rattle.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed; "there's somethin' here!"

They dug like wild men for a few moments, and in that time uncovered the top of a wooden box about three feet in length. Clearing away the sand from its sides, they, with a good deal of exertion, lifted the box out of the hole

"Top seems to be nailed on," said the pallid Mr. Wingate. "How are we goin' to open it?"

"Bust it open!" snorted the Captain. "Did you cal'late to bite out the nails?"

But "bustin' it open" was not such an easy matter, for it was put together in almost impregnable fashion. After a half hour's battering with hatchet and spade the top was torn off and it was discovered that a second box was inside the first one. This inner box was even harder to open than the other. It was made of inch thick oak planks, dovetailed and riveted together, and in appearance was as new as if it had been buried the day before.

"Jingo!" cried the perspiring Captain; "look how this chest is built, will you? You don't see that kind of work nowadays

The hands of the treasure seekers were blistered and their muscles lame before the second box was ready to disclose its contents, but at length the upper planks were thrown on the sand. A sheet of old canvas covered what lay beneath, and with trembling fingers the Captain withdrew it.

The box was filled with a choice collection of cobblestones, on top of which lay a note bearing his own name

While the wilted Barzilla sat gazing in frozen horror at the cobblestones Jonadab opened the note and read these words:

Dear Father-in-Law: By the time you read this Mary and I will have gone to be married. I have bought Isaac Simmons house and we shall live there. It will be useless to chase us, but we shall expect you and Mr. Wingate over to supper to-night

Your affectionate son, LEVI LOTHROP.

P. S. What do you think of my cabinet work *now?*

The Captain finished the perusal of this interesting epistle and stood for a moment speechless. Then he turned and looked at the house. Mary still sat at the window

"By jings! I ain't his father-in-law *yet!*" he cried, and set off at top speed

He raced over the sand until he reached the back door. Up the three flights of stairs he panted, and burst into the room where his daughter sat. She did not turn when he entered, and he strode over and touched her on the shoulder. At his touch she promptly fell to pieces, and the pillow buttoned into a shirt-waist, which formed the bulk of her being, tumbled to the floor.

The Captain gave one glance at the prostrate dummy, and hurrying through the hall, looked out at the front window. A white dot glimmered on the horizon. It was the catboat entering Orham harbor

Three hours thereafter Jonadab Baxter knocked at the door of the house once owned by Isaac Simmons.

"Mary," he said, "Barzilla and me has come to supper"

Power from the Ocean

AMERICAN inventors are attacking with great earnestness the problem of utilizing for industrial purposes the power of the waves and tides, a trifling fraction of which would run all the machinery of the world if it could only be harnessed, and hardly a week passes that at least one patent is not granted for a contrivance designed to meet this requirement.

All of the wave-motors utilize floats of one kind or another, some of which are confined in such a manner as to take from the waves only a vertical motion, while others are so moored as to receive impulses from any and all directions. Whatever the method employed, the aim is to convert the energy thus evolved into a simple reciprocating movement, which, of course, is easily transformed into rotary action.

Barring certain exceptions presently to be mentioned, no contrivance of this sort has yet proved successful. The prime difficulty seems to lie in the fact that waves exert degrees of power that widely vary from one time to another. The machine must be so constructed as to utilize the smallest movements when the sea is calm, and also must be able to work efficiently during stormy weather. It is obvious that a power-supply must be reliable and non-intermittent in order to be of practical usefulness. Some of these inventions provide for the temporary housing of the apparatus when smashing seas are running—an expedient prudent enough, but liable to interfere with business

Most of the patentees find it necessary to split up their apparatus into a large number of small machines, all just alike, so as to obtain continuity of motion, each one acting in its turn upon the main shaft or rod which transmits the power. But the greatest difficulty, which may defeat all efforts to overcome it, lies in the inconstancy of the sea itself

The tides are constant enough, though caused by the "inconstant moon," and there seems to be better hope for tide-motors than for wave-motors. In fact, some fairly efficient tide-motors already exist, and are employed for certain practical and useful purposes. On the New Jersey coast they are utilized for pumping water to fill the reservoirs that are drawn upon to sprinkle the streets.

Along the New England coast some small mills are run by the outflow of tide-waters from reservoirs constructed in convenient inlets, converging barriers being so placed that the waves rush up between them and are thus made to rise high enough to overflow a dam and fill the pool beyond. In this way the reservoir fills itself on the flood tide and empties itself during the subsequent ebb, and thus furnishes power to the mill

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Post in Three Centuries

FOUNDED in the eighteenth and continued through the nineteenth, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST begins the twentieth century with life and vigor enough to carry it through another hundred years or so. For Franklin's magazine, in the phrase of the old time country editor, "came to stay," and stayed it has for 173 years and more.

When the weekly was taken over by its present management its fortunes were at their lowest ebb. The failure to continue the policy that had made it the great literary magazine of the country had lost it prestige and popularity. Its circulation had fallen off until but 3000 of its old subscribers—a little handful of the faithful—remained

Proud of its traditions, and of its past which is interwoven with the beginnings of American literature, it was the first endeavor of the present management to return to the sound policy of its early editors, strengthened to meet existing conditions, and to make the magazine reflect, in some small measure at least, the spirit of its founder. A great figure, even in the heroic age of the Republic, Franklin was first of all a man of the people, appreciating the value of the practical and recognizing that work was, and must continue to be, the note of life in the new Republic. A printer by trade, time has approved what he wrote, and given it a place in literature. Intensely American, he was interested in things foreign and a friend of all countries. In his broad mind there was at once a place for and an appreciation of art, science, literature, politics and business. But his first and last thought was for youth—its encouragement, and its development into strong and useful manhood. The more a magazine can reflect such an inspiration the closer it must come to the people.

The present management has not yet made THE SATURDAY EVENING POST what it will be; but it has made a beginning. Its first wish was to have the typography of the magazine strong, for Franklin was a good printer. The old-style type, which was originated and first used by this magazine for its headings, has been generally adopted by the press and periodicals of the country and has brought about a typographical revolution. Following the traditional policy of the weekly, new artists and writers have been encouraged and men and women of genuine talent have been introduced to the public. Believing that a "great name" usually stands for something well done, and the ability to do more good work, unremitting efforts have been made to secure the best writings of well known authors for the magazine. Again, its special contributors have been and will be the ablest and most distinguished men of the day in politics, the professions and business.

As a result of this policy the circulation of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has grown within two years from 3000 to more than 300,000 copies weekly. When it gets closer to the standard of Franklin IT WILL BE A MILLION.

Even a whale gets bigger.

The Need for Partisanship

NOTHING of importance was ever achieved in the world except by men who felt strongly; and every man who strongly feels is a partisan. It is the man who firmly makes up his mind, and who makes it up so intensely that he is ready to risk everything for his convictions, who accomplishes ends. It may be that an earnest man is mistaken Other men, equally in earnest, will arise to combat him and his ideas, and the open conflict will cause the country to tingle with new life, and our blood will move with a happier glow, and our hearts and our brains will be better and clearer.

It is through the honest clashing of political parties that all national progress is to be worked out. Take the great steps forward in this country's history, and think what they owe to partisanship.

Without partisanship of the strongest type we should never even have been a nation. It was a partisanship so determined and so extreme that life itself weighed but a feather in the scale against convictions that produced and upheld our Republic. Washington was a partisan, and Franklin was a partisan, and Hancock and Adams and Patrick Henry and Alexander Hamilton were partisans; Webster was a partisan and Clay was a partisan and Jackson was a partisan.

Mistaken or otherwise, all these men were ready and fierce and strong for their partisanship. When, in an unhappy moment, Webster tried to forget his partisanship and to trim his bark to sail between the two extremes, he lost instantly in power and in the respect of both sides: it was as if a national calamity had befallen the land. What was it that brought an unknown young man before the country and twice made him a Presidential candidate? It was his partisanship It did not arouse the country even more strongly, for the reason that his partisanship, his strong individual opinions, did not lie in such a direction that the votes and convictions of the mass of the people could indorse them.

It is "bossism," not partisanship, that bears within it the greatest danger for our country. When one man absolutely controls a city—another a State—another the neighboring State—and so on throughout much of our Union—when one man so absolutely controls a convention that every opposing voice is hushed and the would-be rebellious delegates, though probably the majority in number, are completely cowed and look in vain for a partisan leader bold enough to lead them out of their unmanly captivity—then it is that our liberty, our very existence as a nation, is in danger.

There are issues that the public are anxious to decide; burning questions of deep national import; let us have partisan leaders who will not trim and balance and truckle, and brave partisanship will then work out the problems and place us on a higher national plane.

Why is there such indifference to politics at present? For the fact need not be minced: we are indifferent. It is because the "bosses" see to it, in most cases, that only such candidates as they approve and such questions as they care to have discussed are allowed to go before the public. The citizens know that to vote is, too often, only to say whether the creature of "Boss" This or the creature of "Boss" That is to be chosen—or, perchance, which one of two rival "bosses" who are personally candidates is personally to win. The eagerness with which men run after and vote for candidates who give only a cheap imitation of personal independence and personal bravery is pitiful—so pitiful that one feels ashamed.

Let us have partisans and partisanship! Cromwell was a partisan, and Luther was a partisan, and Abraham Lincoln was a partisan. Think what they, and such as they, accomplished!

Let us do away with the political "boss" and with the politicians who listen with their ears to the ground to catch the clamor of supposed public opinion. Let us have partisans and bravery, partisans and wise, deep thought, partisans and high progress.

Some of the good resolutions have lasted almost four weeks.

Making Laws Against Time

JUST a little over five weeks, or about thirty working days, remain of the life of the present Congress. In this time not a single one of the great measures before Congress could be adequately considered; yet hundreds of bills of general legislation and special appropriations entailing the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars will be passed. In the physical circumstances of things not one item in a dozen can be properly examined; but at the same time everything must be finished up by the Fourth of March

The legislative rush belongs neither to state, nation nor [illegible] It is the common weakness of all. When the law makers assemble they spend large portions of their time in formal proceedings and speechmaking. In the formal work they get acquainted with themselves. Through their speeches they are addressing their constituents in the hope of reelection or in perfectly laudable ambitions toward statesmanship and fame.

Then, after the various recesses and the losses of time and investigations that amount to nothing and entertainments that are very pleasant, the hard part of the session becomes a reality. Work has to be done and done quickly, and, under the conditions, it is almost a miracle that it is done so well We doubt if anywhere there is a more efficient set of men than those who do the actual labors of our National Legislature. They are trained, energetic, skillful and prompt, and it is to them that we owe the general average excellence of legislation.

The legislative rush is an undoubted evil. It provides opportunities for the dishonest and permits schemes that should never be countenanced to succeed under the stresses of necessary measures. In a way it is like a big crowd in which the pickpockets find their chances.

To expect this condition of things to be remedied is to look for the impossible. So long as popular government demands frequent changes in Representatives, and so long as the Representatives themselves represent ignorance in legislative matters, so long will there be all this dissipation of time and this fuss and feathers. So in this strenuous age we must count the legislative rush as one of our permanent institutions that comes round a few weeks after the football season

A diary is a good thing It reminds one so much of his impossibilities.

Fortunate February

WHEN the Roman Emperor took two days from February and added them to August in order to increase the importance of that part of the calendar named in his honor, he probably thought he had done something desperate to the second month of the year. But time has its revenges, and through the centuries February has come into all that Fate could bestow upon it.

Who cares if August has thirty-one days? The uncomfortable world resenting its heat wishes devoutly that it had less. The dog-days and the getting-home days and the days of expended vacations fill it with sorrow and disappointment, and most of us look upon August as best over.

But February is different. It is a goodly time in almost every part of the world. People enjoy themselves. They find ozone in the air, pleasure in social goings, and good in most all things except probably the State legislatures.

There is even more. This year the planets Mercury and Mars are brightest during February. Many of the most interesting of astronomical occurrences take place throughout the month. There are four movable feasts in these twenty-eight days. It has more legal holidays than any other month of the first year of the century—Lincoln's Birthday comes on the twelfth; Washington's Birthday happens on the twenty-second; in some States there are spring elections, and although not a holiday, St. Valentine's Day adds to the list. All these events crowded into exactly four weeks make it a month with a surplus of events—the month which will give the most rest to humanity and the month which will be regarded as one of the pleasantest of the twelve.

A man tells his love and tries not to show it woman shows her love and tries not to tell it

The Future of Our Ex-Presidents

GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON, who in addition to a distinguished war record has a somewhat familiar fame as a man who once occupied the White House at Washington, in a very clever speech the other day answered the question, What Shall We Do With Our Ex-Presidents? He advised decapitation. It was a grim piece of sarcasm, but there was unquestionably beneath it a feeling of just resentment against the popular comment upon the expressions of men whose declarations were once official and unquestionable.

In one respect it is a fine part of our political life that the man who occupied the greatest executive position in the world, who exercised a larger power than the Queen of England, the Czar of Russia or any half dozen of the potentates of earth, might step out of office and become an ordinary mortal among men. Zeus descending from his throne, or any incarnation of power and authority becoming an every-day practitioner at the bar or a lecturer before colleges, offers one of those contrasts which are delightedly welcomed.

We like to see the fine man tumble, and most of us are rather prone to trip him up. Naturally those who have been in great places feel the difference when they have retired from the lime-lights. Their view cannot be the normal one any more than the public view can consider them as common citizens

But nothing that may be said or thought can change the fact that men who have had large experience in public affairs, who have come into all the knowledge and mysteries of the Presidency, who have seen the inside of official life and tested the essential virtues of men and measures—nothing can change the fact that these men are of enormous value to the thought and progress of the country when great issues need the illumination of great minds.

What to do with our ex-Presidents is to honor and respect them; to give to their opinions the highest consideration, and to know that each one is a man who has tasted the highest honors that this world can give, and who means well in his efforts to be of the largest usefulness to his fellow-citizens as long as life lasts.

"MUCH TOO STOUT"

The Corpulent Gentleman was Severely Lectured by a Life Insurance Agent

A professional man of some [illegible] and considerable [illegible] recently went to get an additional life insurance policy, but at the outstart was told by the agent that he was not a "good risk."

"Why," said the corpulent gentleman, "what's the matter? I am in good health, my habits are good, I live in the open, I eat [illegible]. Why, I eat [illegible] every day."

"That's just the trouble," said the insurance agent; "you're too particular about what you eat; you eat much too stout. My friend," said the agent, "you eat too much starchy food—too much 'white bread' and potatoes. Starchy foods produce fat—or rather they make stout people still stouter. On thin people starch acts the other way—keeps them thin by ruining their digestion.

"'White' bread," the agent continued, "causes more corpulency than any other edible I know of. The wheat grain does not naturally make 'white' flour, since the principal part of the wheat berry—in fact all the most nutritive element—is of a dark color and 'white' flour is 'white' simply because the dark part has been removed in milling.

"Now, if you will take my advice, you will eat bread made from Franklin Mills Flour. It is made from the entire wheat kernel ground whole, nothing is discarded except the outer husk. It is so nutritious and of more value as food than an equal amount of meat or any other edible.

"Now, just you tell your wife to order Franklin Mills Flour from her grocer, and if he don't keep it write to The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y., for their little booklet; they'll be glad to send it to you free of charge."

HORSESHOE BRAND CLOTHES WRINGERS

A W C TRADE MARK

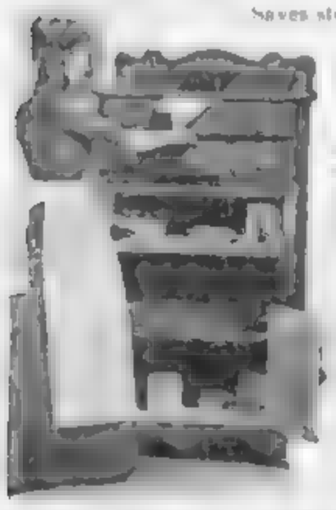
THE WORLD'S BEST EVERY ONE WARRANTED.

Horseshoe Brand Wringers are necessary to good [illegible] economical washing. They last longer, run [illegible] than any other wringer. The Patent Improved Guideboard spreads the clothes evenly without using the hands. Every wringer is fully warranted and has the Horseshoe [illegible] attached. Sold everywhere. Mother is using our little book "The Writing of Sense," and after [illegible] it all in the Rubber," sent Address Dept 30

The American Wringer Co. 99 Chambers St., N. Y.

Queen Kitchen Cabinet

$7.55 AND UP. The labor-saving device that's worth three closets



Saves steps, time and money. A convenient place for all baking [illegible] spices, table linens, etc.

The Queen Cabinet [illegible] to [illegible]. Made of [illegible] easy to [illegible]

Six Styles $4.90 to $11.40 [illegible] wedding or birthday gift. Used and recommended by [illegible] American [illegible]

Money refunded if not satisfied

Descriptive catalogue "A" of other useful household [illegible]

QUEEN CABINET CO Security Bldg Chicago Ill.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

GLUTEN FLOUR FOR DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers. For book or sample, write

Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

The Young Man in Business

Should carry a policy of Life Insurance. The American Temperance Life gives Lower Premium Rates to temperance people on all forms of policies. Write for special offer. Agents wanted. Address,

E. S. MARVIN, Supt., 258-A Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"Publick Occurrences"

A Spokesman for Great Britain

In journalism, the sensational publications have their flare, but even they make obeisance to their betters. Thus it happened that a young Napoleon of printer's ink when he came to this country recently paid a splendid tribute to the London Times.

A few days before that an enterprising American newspaper had cabled to the editor of the London Times for his opinion on the much misunderstood and the much changed treaty which Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote arranged. The editor's reply to this was that he could not express an opinion outside of the columns of the Times.

In Great Britain the Times is an institution like the Bank of England or the Tower or Westminster Abbey.

In clinging to its own and greeting and guarding all that comes to it the Times represents Great Britain. It has made mistakes—great mistakes—but it stands to-day as the journalistic monument of the British race. We have some journalistic monuments of our own in this country, but not one has the unique eminence of the London Times, or the "Thunderer," as it is called.

Great Britain's Part in America

So, the other day, when it discussed the treaty troubles between the United States and Great Britain over the building of the Nicaragua Canal, it went a little further than diplomatic technicalities, and said that Great Britain was in this hemisphere to stay, and, referring to that country's large holdings of territory in this part of the world, declared: "It is the custom of this country not to conclude treaties of surrender with any nation, even with those whose friendship we value most, and that is a custom from which we have no mind to depart."

A little blast on a big bugle, but it represented English opinion. Why? Here is the reason.

Great Britain owns more land in this hemisphere than does the United States.

And with Englishmen land is the thing.

Take the map of America and compare the ownerships of territory and one will meet with many surprises. One will then also understand why the Englishman has an insistent personal opinion in the matter.

In round numbers, North and South America have 140,000,000 people, occupying 16,076,332 square miles. All this vast extent—being four times larger than all Europe and one-third larger than Africa—is dominated by the United States, which has one half the population of the two continents.

At the same time, it really possesses several hundred thousands of square miles less land than does Great Britain, although the population under the British flag in North and South America is only about one-fifteenth of the population of the United States.

The Possibilities of Canada

All of Great Britain's possessions in America, like ancient Gaul, are divided into three parts. The greatest of these is Canada, and the millions and billions of dollars that are to come from its mines, its forests and its waterways will add wonderful chapters to the century's progress.

Manufacturing towns have doubled their population within two years and the increase goes on.

Several years ago there was an immigration of French Canadians to New England manufacturing towns. This year thousands of them are returning to Canada because of the new opportunities arising from the industrial growth and expansion of their old home.

All the seven provinces forming the Dominion of Canada, each with its separate Parliament and administration, are zealously at work developing their local affairs. Vast stretches of country, which for a long time figured upon the maps as wilderness, have now their settlements, their industries and their actual or projected railroads.

Its timber wealth yields nearly one hundred millions of dollars a year and the worth of its forests has hardly been touched.

Its fisheries reach nearly thirty millions of dollars a year, and yet not one-fifth of its waters are fished.

Its mining products reach over thirty millions of dollars a year, and yet only fractions of its mineral resources are being developed.

A dominion bounded by the Arctic, the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans holds within its marvelous confines endless riches. It may be a little cold in most of the places, but so long as the dollar is to be got people will go after it, whether it be along the St. Lawrence or upon the shores of the Arctic.

Canada's Outlets to the Sea

Being a great country, Canada will have to be developed by great enterprises. It is not a question of thousands of dollars, but of millions and of tens of millions.

One physical fact that checks her is the closing of navigation. Most of the navigation now ends about the first of November and is not resumed until the breaking up of the ice in the spring. That restricts the operations of the cheapest form of transportation. It is this problem which confronts those who are developing the great Dominion. Thus great ice breaking ships are being built. Already there are nearly three thousand miles of canal, river and lake navigation; but that is only a beginning of the present plans and enterprises.

If these are carried out, Canada's outlet to Europe will not be confined to the St. Lawrence River, but will include the outlets of Hudson Bay, which will bring it closer to the European markets.

The United States sent to Canada many of its leaders in transportation work and development. Sir William Van Horne was born in Ohio, and Mr. Hays, the new President of the Southern Pacific, who did so much to develop Canadian railways, is a native of Illinois.

Not very many years ago another American, Mr. Francis H. Clergue, made a tour of the Great Lakes in search of opportunities for a syndicate of capitalists who trusted in his judgment.

To quote from a local publication: "On reaching the Sault it was clear that with Lake Superior for a mill pond, and a drop of about twenty feet, there was a good opportunity for economical and advantageous developments. At a cost of $253,000 the local municipality, on the Canadian side, had partly constructed a power canal, but found itself at the end of its resources with no prospect of return for the expenditure it made.

The upshot of the matter was that Mr. Clergue purchased the enterprise, and in the course of years, since then, great mills have been erected, thousands of people have been employed, regular laboratories for the utilization of by-products have been established, and an investment of something like five million dollars has been made—and this is soon to be increased to ten or fifteen millions.

A Railroad to Hudson Bay

That does not include all of the new development. Already the construction of a railroad has been begun, which is well on the way to Hudson Bay itself, and the announcement is made that in a few years people may be able to spend their summer with all the comforts of civilization on the shores of this great inland sea. The road will go through a wonderful country.

Nor is this all. To the Hudson Bay from the great wheat fields of Canada's West a new railroad is projected, so that the steamships, during the summer months, when navigation is open, may sail around the coasts of Labrador, through the Hudson Strait, and down through Hudson Bay to the railroad piers, where the millions of bushels of Canadian grain will be waiting for their journey to the other side of the ocean.

Britain's Future Greatness

In Asia, Great Britain has domains aggregating nearly two million square miles.

In Africa, she has possessions which cover over two million square miles.

In Australasia, England has islands and parts of islands with a total area exceeding two million square miles.

But greater than any of them is the Dominion of Canada with its 3,456,383 square miles.

And as to the 120,073 square miles of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and the islands close about them, they might be put in Canada and not be noticed.

Doubtless the far-seeing statesman of the British Empire looks toward Canada for the future greatness of his nation. There the industries exist; thence the development must come; and there even the cold will not check the energy and the determination of the makers of civilization.

Afternoon Tea

RAMONA or ATHENA Sugar Wafers are the daintiest of tea table delicacies—tempting tid bits for the hostess to tender her favorite friends.

RAMONA AND ATHENA Sugar Wafers

are a revelation in fancy baking. Particularly nice to serve with fruit, ice cream, or any kind of dessert. Ramona has chocolate-cream flavoring. Athena is delicately flavored with lemon.

Sold everywhere in sealed tins

National Biscuit Company.

"We eat Ralston BREAKFAST FOOD 'cause we like it"

Children's likes and dislikes are always most pronounced. Parents know that Ralston Breakfast Food builds strong and robust bodies. Kept regularly on well regulated tables because its delicious flavor delights the whole family.

A sample free for your grocer's name

If what is not your preferred grain, ask [illegible] Purina Pancake Flour (whole wheat), which [illegible]

PURINA MILLS,

"Where Purity is Paramount"

871 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE "BEST" Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp

Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and Cheaper than Kerosene

Makes and burns its own gas. Is portable. Requires no pipes [illegible]

Approved by the Insurance Underwriters [illegible]

clean. [illegible]

Its use quick [illegible] variety of [illegible] and outdoor use. This is the Pioneer Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp. It is perfect. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted everywhere. Every lamp warranted. THE BEST LIGHT CO [illegible] East 5th Street, Canton, Ohio

FIGURE IT UP

"One-third of your life is spent in bed"

Hard Bed Hard Life

If you will listen to our claims we can insure you perfect rest, for the **Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress ($15, delivered)** is all that a good mattress can be.

Our advertising has appeared for many years without interruption. Our sales grow by thousands every year, and not ten mattresses in all have been returned during the whole time under this guarantee:

SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS

And if it is not even all you *have hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

Please do us the favor to send for our handsome book, **"The Test of Time,"** even if you don't want a mattress. You will be glad to have the book—it will interest you and post you. It costs us 30 cents to answer every request, but we do it gladly. If you *ever* want a mattress after you get the book, we know the kind you will buy.

TRADE MARK

BEWARE! [illegible]

2 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	$ 8 35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG
3 feet wide, 40 lbs.	10 00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11 70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13 35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15 00	

[illegible] pairs, 50 cents

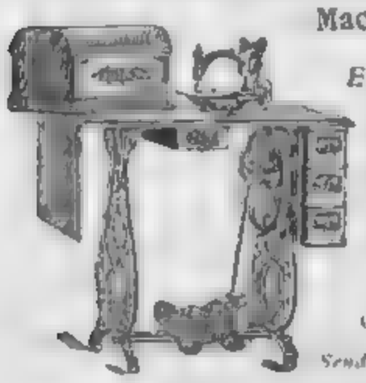
These prices include express charges.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth St., New York

If you live outside of the United States Send for our book, "Church Cushions"

B. ELDREDGE AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

BELVIDERE, ILL.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Have you ever considered what will become of your loved ones after you are gone? Or, what will become of you in your old age? We have made provision for you in either case. Our FREE booklet, "The How and the Why," gives our plan. Write for it

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

YELLOWSTONE PHOTO-COLOR VIEWS

Beautiful Collection of Twelve Colored Views of Yellowstone Park in 10 x 12 mats, $1.00. Express prepaid.

F. JAY HAYNES, Photographer, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOME one has said that "one who is too wise an observer of the business of others is like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees; he is likely to be stung;" and I am wondering if I am likely to be stung, for I have been observing and investigating the business of the human bee ever since Robert came to Congress, and the field for such observations at the Capital is both rare and profitable. I wonder if there is any other spot on this globe where a man or a woman can so readily pass at his or her assumed value. Robert has quite remonstrated with me of late for these investigations. He said to me the other day in all seriousness that he thought I had earned the right, in view of my observations of types and phases here, to be called the "all-gifted woman."

For the life of me I could not remember who in the whole range of mythological or classical lore had been known as the "all gifted woman," and I began rapidly to run over in my mind all the goddesses: Minerva, Juno, Diana, and even Venus; but I could not place the "all-gifted woman." I was, of course, a trifle suspicious of her anyhow, for, like the Honorable Bardwell Slote when he was called a "dodo," I did not know what it was, but I knew it was something not nice.

"Who was the 'all-gifted woman,' Robert?" asked I, with the feeling that if, after all, it should be one of the goddesses it would be none too much for my deserts.

"Well, Agatha, was there not a certain lady so dubbed a few years back because of her curiosity in investigating the contents of a mysterious box which Jupiter bestowed upon her?"

"Oh, pshaw, Robert!" I interrupted "you need not try to saddle me with poor old Pandora. I am not to be held responsible if people in Washington keep the lids off their boxes so that I can see the queer stuff they contain. I will admit a certain curiosity, for I am studying social and political conditions here, but you know that Pandora shut the lid of the box in time to save one thing?"

"I didn't know that she saved anything good," replied Robert.

"Well, she did! She saved Hope, that one blessed thing which keeps us all going on this planet, and that keeps the people going in the District of Columbia in particular, for I have never seen man, woman or child yet who did not have a great big hope tucked away somewhere out of sight, from the Executive over in the White House down to the humblest old black mammy in her little cabin."

"And I suppose, Agatha, that midway in this road of hopes, somewhere at large between the White House and the cabin, is a certain hope for great social preferment and leadership—and what are some of the other hopes?"

"Oh, well," said I, ignoring the little thrust, "our Executive and his Cabinet hope that the Senate hasn't shaken the Treaty entirely to death even if they have broken the backbone of its objectionableness, and the Senate grimly hopes that the father of the Treaty may be able after a while to recognize his offspring, now that they are done shaking it. And the House hopes that the Senate has done the shaking so thoroughly that it can never be anything but a lifeless, insensate thing for other nations to kick. And the District of Columbia hopes that the Senate will take a long time over the work of shaking up all its bills, particularly the Subsidy bill, so it cannot get down to the work of helping the House to shake that little one and a half million dollars out of their poor, scanty pockets into the pocket of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. And the Supreme Court hopes that it can settle once and for all this little matter of divorce between the Flag and the Constitution. And the Army hopes it won't have to obey the Secretary of War's letter prohibiting officers from lobbying for the Reorganization bill. And the Inaugural Committee hopes that all visiting organizations will understand that they will have to behave themselves and pay their own expenses when they take part in the inaugural parade, and that Providence will see fit to send a decent Fourth of March. And the clerks in the departments hope that they have saved their heads for another four years. And incidentally, some of us 'never live, but ever hope to live.'"

Robert laughed and said warningly:

"Bear in mind, Agatha, one thing in your round of observations: that the constant observer is not far removed from the busybody, and that there is only one step between the busybody and the——bore!"

Robert alarmed me. Was I getting to be a busybody? I was already a snob—that is, I had felt myself one ever since I had scratched off certain names from my visiting-book for no other reason than that they were undesirable. I was going about prating of phases of life and types, and how about myself? Was I not, perhaps, a phase of life a type? Had not the very social conditions of this town, at which I so often railed, made it possible for Robert and me to take a prominent position in the smart set?

Did not this very Washington make an astounding distinction between its own people and those of other places by shutting its doors squarely in the face of every trade of its own save banking, and then, as Artemus Ward would say, "recipperating" that little Roman father act by opening wide its sheltering arms to the retired tradespeople from New York, from Chicago and from Spruce City?

At this sudden illumination of a part of the contents of Pandora's box it seemed to me that the ancestral tanneries of the Slocum family were shrieking out to me sternly to restore those scratched names to my visiting book if I would restore my self-respect. Should I do so? Perhaps it would be well for me to wait until the beginning of the new year before I decided.

One other matter that has been pressing upon my mind rather heavily is a dinner I am giving at which I am entertaining for the first time one of the big men in public life here and one who has one of the high seats in the synagogue. This man is the despair of dinner-givers, for he knows every viand, every sauce, every combination of condiments since Adam first browsed in the Garden of Eden. I wondered if it would not be wise for me to ape royalty and submit a menu to this particular guest.

This matter of dinners has assumed almost international importance in Washington. Page always insisted that it has done more to raise the standard of diplomatic excellence in the foreign representation accredited here than any other one thing. Uncle Sam may delude himself, perhaps, with the belief that it is this "world-power" business that has raised the standard, but it is in reality this dinner-giving power. Time was when a diplomat would almost rather have chosen penal servitude than diplomatic service in Washington. But all that is changed since we have learned to give dinners and to behave socially according to foreign standards. Washington may still be American in appearance, but it is taking on the habit of the European capitals.

Meantime that something which we call the "holiday air" has been hanging over Congress, and has been everywhere visible in governmental quarters save in the Supreme Court during the Porto Rican debate. On this occasion this cherubic court surprised me by all of its members being awake. It was the first time in my experience that I had seen all nine of these Justices with their eyes open at one and the same time. Generally there will be five of them awake, and I have even seen six awake at one time, but never before their entire number. They must have some understanding among themselves by which they can nap in relays.

Whatever "drowsy syrup of the world" it may be that "medicines them to that sweet sleep," they are, nevertheless, an impressive body of men. Robert says that one of the great lawyers of the land once told him that when he went before that Court for the first time in his life he seemed suddenly to be stricken with palsy. When he got up to speak and faced the Chief Justice, who sat there with folded arms and eyes that looked out from beneath massive brows, he felt, he said, for all the world as though he were in one of the great temples of the far East with the sitting idol of Buddha before him. He could not utter a word of his carefully prepared argument, and the whole of that silent chamber almost reeled with him. It was a well-defined case of stage-fright.

Even the layman has a little of that same feeling when he tips into that hushed chamber on two toes and seats himself on one of those velvet-cushioned benches and listens to the crier of the Court utter his "Oyes" three

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

VOSE PIANOS

Are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined

WE

Challenge Comparisons

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a **VOSE** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

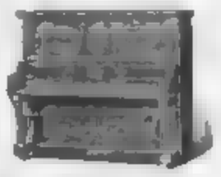
163 Boylston Street, BOSTON

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

THE NEW SCALE Fischer yields a wonderfully pure quality of tone, combined with great power and durability. It stamps the Fischer Piano with an individuality that no other Piano possesses.

60 Years Established



Over 110,000 Sold

BY OUR NEW METHOD of Easy Payments every home is at once enabled to possess and enjoy a High Grade Piano. Pianos delivered to all parts of the United States. Write for catalogue, terms and all particulars.

J. & C. FISCHER

33 Union Square—West, New York, N. Y.

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER ON A WOOD OR METAL BEDSTEAD THAN

SPRING BED

No Other Just as Good

Beware of imitations. Look for brass trade plate "IDEAL" (our trade-mark) on the genuine. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. For free booklet containing "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep," address

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Makers of Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Spring Beds, etc.

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c

Booklet, "CARD STYLE" FREE! Agents wanted

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. AND ENG. CO., Dept. B L, St. Louis, Mo.

WEBER PIANOS

"Among all the instruments of the renowned makers, here and abroad, I to-day prefer the Weber because of its sympathetic tone quality." EMMA CALVÉ

"The Weber has given me the greatest satisfaction." JOHANNA GADSKI.

The quality [illegible] exceedingly sympathetic MILKA TERNINA

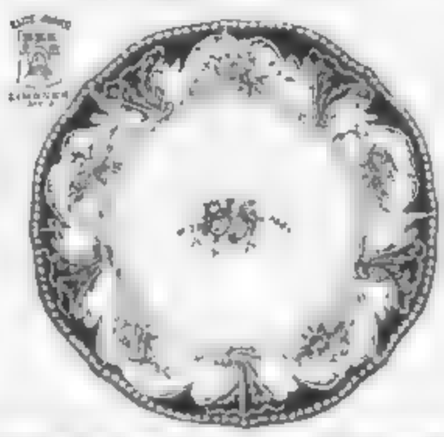
"It is a beautiful instrument" EDOUARD DE RESZKE

"Perfect for accompanying the voice." ERNST VAN DYCK

Your pianos surpass all in excellence, both as to sonority and richness of tone" F. SALIGNAC

Fifth Avenue, Cor. 16th Street, New York

"Elite" China



"Limoges — Its People - - Its China"

[illegible] History of Limoges, one of the quaintest old towns in Europe—this for the asking

BAWO & DOTTER
26 to 32 Barclay Street, New York
Importers and Operators Haute Works, Limoges, France.

Perfection Combined with Simplicity

$5.00

Others $4.00 to $8.00

Columbia Zither

"The Easy to Play"

The chart furnished free with every instrument helps you to play the sweetest of music. The tuning of the instruments is set up all made up and ready to pick is a vital feature, enabling the playing of accompaniments with less effort [illegible] possible on any other Zither

Your music dealer should have the Columbia. If not, send price to us and we will ship prepaid. Send for FREE Catalogue

The Thumsharp Co., Dept. F, 153 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

Royal Stationery

Two quires of finest Writing Paper [illegible] correctly engraved with your Initial or Monogram [illegible] size of [illegible] Wedding Envelopes to [illegible]

In Plain Colors,	$ 75	$1 25
In Gold, Silver or Copper Bronze,	85	1 35
Illuminated in Two Colors,	1 00	1 50

[illegible] Visiting Cards [illegible] all sizes, in [illegible] cards $1 00

Social Wedding Invitations and Announcements Engraved — [illegible] and prices

ALL CHARGES PREPAID

ROYAL ENGRAVING CO., 10 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The New England Watch Company

ARTISTIC SPECIALTIES

For the season are shown

"Blue Book for Ladies
"Red Book for Men's **Watches**

Either or both sent on application

[illegible]

[illegible] State Street, [illegible] CHICAGO, ILL.
[illegible] Kohl Building, SAN FRANCISCO, [illegible]

times He somehow feels subdued, and begins to wonder if he can get out of the chamber without making some ghastly sound or racket that will fix every eye upon him However, that idea and the idea of Buddha's temple are dispelled when one after another of the Judges falls asleep and nods, and tell it in a whisper—even snores.

On the particular days when the Porto Rican-Philippine arguments were being heard there was a great throng crowding into the Supreme Court, and almost every distinguished lawyer and jurist that could came to hear some part at least of the proceedings, for the widest, keenest interest is shown in this whole matter. Robert and Senator P came for a while on each of the days

Robert pointed out to me ex-Secretary Carlisle sitting in one of the seats reserved for lawyers. He is a gigantic man, with a powerful face, and he towered above all the others present; and I saw ex-Secretary Day also listening attentively. His is the face and the head of the student. I saw also Secretary Gage, and Mr Pruden of the Executive Staff of the White House, and besides, it appeared that half the Senate and House were there, or as many as could squeeze in and squeeze out again

Then I fell to studying the faces of the Court. It seemed to me a queer freak that Nature should play and that court custom should make necessary, that so small a man in stature as the Chief Justice should have to be planted between two such big men as Justice Harlan and Justice Gray. I could only think of Gulliver's Lilliputian planted between two of the hugest specimens of Brobdingnag. I ran my eye over the whole Court and then whispered to Senator P——

"What do you think of these arguments of the appellants?"

"They're saying all they can, but the idea of the Constitution following the flag is untenable."

"I hope they won't decide it that way whispered I. I was on the other side and had been ever since the Porto Rican tariff had been debated in Congress the preceding session; not that I knew anything whatever of the legal aspect of it, for I never let myself be hampered by not understanding a thing, but somehow I could not imagine the flag being anywhere that the Constitution through sheer force did not follow

"Have you any idea how any of the Court stand?" whispered I.

I had scarcely asked the stupid question when I could have bitten my tongue out. I had forgotten the wise man's caution to "open thy mouth and thy purse cautiously." The Senator only smiled indulgently and shook his head. Of course he would not tell me even if he knew, which certainly he did not. Presently I saw that he was absorbed and was writing something on a scrap of paper, and again I forgot my caution and raised my eyebrows in mute question He seemed amused at my curiosity, but obediently held out the scrap of paper for me to read. It was Greek to me. On it in pencil was

"Thomas Benton, Vol. II, Pages 713 and 729——"

I was puzzled. He folded this scrap of paper and I watched him manœuvre to pass it along. I made up my mind that when I got home I would see what Thomas Benton, in Vol. II, had to say that was pertinent to the Constitution and the flag, for evidently that was what the Senator was driving at

When the Attorney-General opened the Government's side of the case it was evident that every one was curious concerning it and the Justices themselves manifested decidedly more interest. I wondered why they asked so many more questions of Mr. Griggs than they had of the appellants. Senator P said that it was because the Attorney-General was so splendidly equipped in the case and could give points all along the line of argument. It was apparent that he was every inch the advocate and that he was strong and forceful. When his speech was finished it was funny to see great men crowd around him to shake him by the hand. You would have supposed that the Constitution had been in danger of being led astray by the flag, that it had been a-staying out late o' nights and had been brought back by the ear to the paternal roof, and that the flag was the bad little boy around the corner, to follow whom was ruin. It was evident that Mr Griggs was thought to have checked the downward career of the Constitution

When the Court had adjourned finally and my tongue could be permitted its accustomed play I lost no time in asking if it were allowable to send a message to one of the Justices

"Why," laughed he, "Mrs. Slocum, any sort of message, particularly if it be witty or jocular, is most welcome to them. Sometimes funny things happen. There was a case before this Court of a man who had sued a railroad company here because, while going to Atlantic City on an excursion, he was thrown into the Delaware River through the negligence of those in charge of the ferryboat Among the items of damage mentioned by him was the ruin of his watch, the character and value of which his counsel did not bring out. The counsel for the railroad company argued that a new trial should be granted because, as the watch was not described, the jury might have put upon it a fancy value. Well, this counsel harped and harped upon this point until one of the Justices was bored to death and interrupted impatiently by saying to counsel on the other side

"'Without intimating any opinion on the point, I should like to ask what kind of watch it really was, Mr. X——?'

"Mr. X—— replied as quick as a flash, as he turned a triumphant look toward opposing counsel

'I don't know, your Honor, what kind of watch it was when the plaintiff got aboard the ferryboat, but it became almost immediately a Waterbury'

"He ought to have won his case," cried I

"He did," chuckled the Senator

"Well," said I, "to go back to the Justices themselves, and recalling for the most part their cherubic round faces, they don't look to me to be the giants intellectually that they are credited with being."

But they are, all the same, Mrs. Slocum Why, our Supreme Court is the greatest, strongest, single body of men in the world, and it is so regarded everywhere. They may not be particularly ascetic looking; in fact, as you say, some of them are rather cherubic than otherwise; but there is not a weakling among them'

"Well," said I, "I can testify to the fact of their being most delightful dinner companions. Justice Brewer and Justice Harlan can keep a whole table going, and a dull table at that"

"Yes, and how different the times are now in regard to the Supreme Court. In Chief Justice Marshall's time, when he had such men as Joe Story and Bushrod Washington and other brilliant men, the Court all lived rather apart from the rest of the world and dined together at a sort of 'mess' every day, only dining once a year in public, at the White House. Justice Story was once rallied on this aloofness and explained it drolly

"'The fact is, we Justices take no part in the society of the place. We dine once a year with the President and that is all. On other days we dine together and discuss at table the questions that are argued before us. We are great ascetics, and even deny ourselves wine, except in wet weather

'Here the Justice paused as if thinking this last statement placed too severe a tax upon human credulity, and then he added slyly

"'What I say about wine, sir, gives you our rule; but it does sometimes happen that the Chief Justice will say to me when the cloth is removed: "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain." And if I tell him that the sun is shining, Justice Marshall will sometimes reply: "All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere"'"

"How in the world, Senator P—— do you remember all these things about people?" asked I in wonder.

"Oh, a man cannot serve the public for nearly half a century without having his attic crammed with the odds and ends of all sorts of trash."

A little cloud swept over his face such as I had seen once before, and in silence we left the Capitol.

A Literary Allusion in Court

LITERARY allusions creep into the courts of law in the most curious ways. In what was called, in England, the Dover Canteen Scandal case, a young Lieutenant A'Beckett was accused of taking marked coins from the moneys of the canteen. He was acquitted, but in the beginning of the trial objection was made to the presence of Captain Du Maurier as a member of the court, because his father, the late Mr. Du Maurier, and Lieutenant A'Beckett's father had been associated together upon Punch; and the objection was allowed.

It turned out that the objector was a master-gunner with literary tastes

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AT

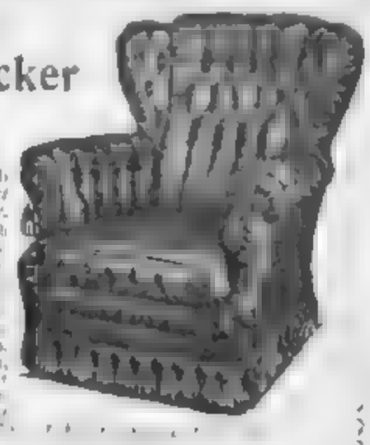
FACTORY PRICES

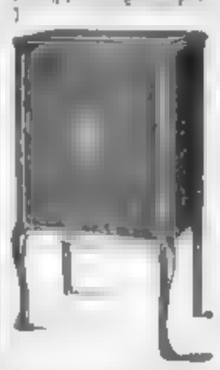
This space is too small to give full details, but the following will give an idea of the extremely low prices at which we sell strictly HIGH GRADE furniture, *Direct from the Factory at* **Factory Prices.** Send for complete Catalogue No. "R 3.

Turkish Rocker

$35.00

Buys this luxurious Turkish rocker, *direct from the factory.* COVERED with [illegible] full-leading casters. Choice of mahogany, [illegible]





Mahogany Music Cabinet

For the Lover of Music

$8.75 Buys this beautiful music cabinet, *direct to you from the factory*

FRONT is figured mahogany [illegible] hand carved. Has [illegible] legs, adjustable shelves and back. Trimmings are solid brass [illegible] must be a rich piece [illegible] from a clear [illegible] $8.75 *Ask for Catalogue No. "R 3"*

Home Desk

A Choice Desk for a Young Man

$22.50 Buys this beautiful home desk, *direct from the factory*

THE DESIGN of this [illegible] almost perfection [illegible] desk. It [illegible] entry of drawers, pigeon holes, ball-bearing [illegible] and full of style. At actual [illegible] *Ask for Catalogue No. "R 3"*

"On Approval" We ship every [illegible] *Approval*, subject [illegible] AT [illegible]

We Prepay Freight To all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal [illegible]

The Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

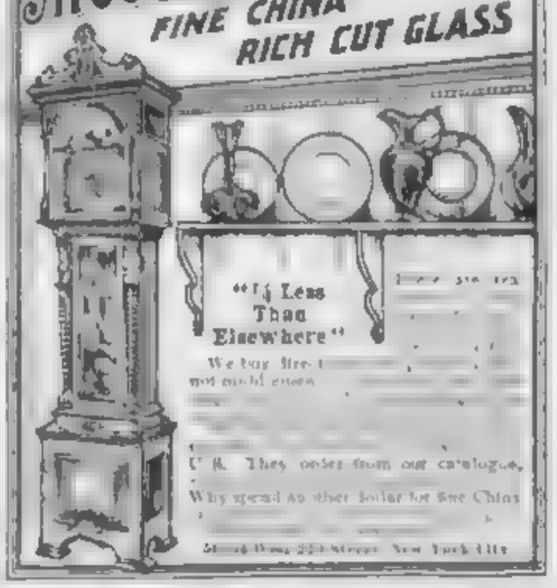
Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture

Direct from the factory

"Buy China and Glass Right"

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA
RICH CUT GLASS



"¼ Less Than Elsewhere"

[illegible] We buy direct [illegible] not could [illegible]

[illegible] Thus [illegible] from our catalogue. Why spend an other dollar for [illegible] China

[illegible] West 125th Street, New York City

WOMEN MAKE MONEY BY LEARNING ALL ABOUT **Millinery!**

We guarantee to teach you by mail so easily and thoroughly that you can trim your own hats or engage in the millinery business. Materials at wholesale.

FREE Handsome Fashion Plate of Stylish Hats, with full information how to make them. Every woman should have it. *Send to day*

SARA DeVATE COMPANY, 812 Champlain Building, Chicago

PAYS To write for our 100-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a **Magic Lantern** or Stereopticon.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York

Interested in Typewriters?

THE BOOK OF THE NEW CENTURY

Is the handsomest typewriter catalogue ever issued. It will give you a lot of valuable information.

WRITE FOR A COPY

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.
509 Broadway, New York

This Pen

Is especially adapted for accountants and correspondents. Is made of the At Jessups Steel by the most experienced workmen

For Trial will send samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for No. 2.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, New York City

STANDS A WORLD OF WEAR AND TEAR

Remington Standard Typewriter

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Bill and Coin Book

No. 66 — Seal-Grained Cow, $ .60, postpaid
No. 66 — Genuine Seal, $1.00, postpaid

Keeps bills straight and coin secure in separate pockets. Double button locks. Size 4½ x 3½ inches when closed.
Illustrated catalogue of useful articles for men and women free.

D. A. MILLER & CO., 22 Rose St., New York City

MEN IN BUSINESS

can save time, time and thought by using

Shaw-Walker Card Systems

In Place of Record Books

Write now for catalog.

The Shaw-Walker Co., Muskegon, Mich.

Trial Outfits—Case, cards and indexes complete—$1.00, prepaid.

with, include eight 2-cent stamps for six months subscription to System. This magazine explains fully, with illustrations, methods actually

I PRINT My Own Cards Circulars Books Newspaper

Card Press $5

Larger, $18

THE PRESS CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Jane and Me *By John Luther Long*

(Concluded from Page 6)

itself, one holding it an' two ot'ers guarding it. She look fresh as a sunrise on t'at Sunday morning—te flag did. Next came us—stepping backwards—holding our shiny new swords in bose hands—an' yelling all to get er to te men

"Left—left—left—left!"

An' last came all t'ose we wass leafing behint—Jane—Jane—Jane! Sousands of ot'ers, but chust one Jane. I saw her in te crowd behint. But she wassn' looking at me An' Jess wassn't looking at her. He wass watching te feet of te soldiers an' saying "Left—left—left!"

Te old band started up Te Girl I Left Behint Me, an' right away some one started singing. T'ey all j'ined in like te rushing mighty wind of te Bible. I nefer heerd no such singing before nor sence. It made te ole Pigeon Hills shake an' echo—mebby for te first time sence t'ey wass created w'at I know. My! but it wass—uplifting! We felt like soldiers t'at day. Yit we didn t know what soldiers wass

T'at wass te last of te Border Guards When we got to Washington we wass nossing but "Co. K, 87 P. V." Chust a drop in a big bucket. We wassn't so sure no more about licking te Rebels out t'eir boots, an' we hadn't no Souafe unicorns—chust plain blue ones. Colonel Williams said t'ey wass te nicest unicorns he had efer seen, but te Virginny mud'd spile 'em, an' we'd better send 'em home to use after te war wass ofer. I seen him vink to some ot'er ossifers 'bout 'at. But we done it—an' I got mine yit Yes—yes, it wass chust iron cannons down t'ere, an' sings didn't look so shiny. But it looked like war, too—only a different kind o war

None of us wass quite so happy afterward—except Jess. Te nearer we got to te real sing te better Jess liked it.

About te only sing we kep' 'at we brung along wass te flag

Well, you wouldn't sink Jess wass much of a fighter from t'at nice pictur' of his'n in his Souafe unicorn. But you'd make a mistake After he got a taste of it he fell in lofe wiss it an' says he's found his trade, an' 'at he's gon' to stick to it an' git to be a major general. An' t'at flag of our'n—I sink 'at after a while Jess got to lofing it te way Jane wanted him to lofe her. It wass always in sight w'en we went in action, an' te best man in te lot wass always color-bearer. Yit—after te worst fighting, Jess'd set at te camp fire an' play an' ole accordeon—an' sing funny songs, an' tell nikker stories!

Well—w'en our sree mont's wass up Jess got us all to inlist for te war. We'd a done it anyhow, I guess, for we all sought efen t'en 'at it would soon be ofer

By te time we got to Antietam Jess wass a major commanding

It wass a little battery down by te bridge 'at had been worrying our diwision a couple hours, an' Colonel Jennings came to Jess an' says, says he'

"Major, I'd like to haf' t'em guns for te General's breakfast in te morning"

Jess saluted an' says:

"What'll you gif' me if I git 'em for you?

"Nossing," says te Colonel.

"I hate to work for pay," says Jess, "let alone for nossing."

"All right. Mebby some ot'er feller

All chust in fun, of course, for Jess had his arms buckled on a'ready, an' te Colonel knowed he'd nefer miss such a chance.

In about a half hour te battery wass silent, an' Jess wass back. He had a bloody han'kerchief 'round his head

"Colonel," says he, "I couldn't bring te guns wiss me account t'ey all dismounted. But I brung te gunners for te General. He ken digest 'em easier

"How many men haf' you lost?"

"Twenty-sree, sir."

"You spiked te guns?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. I'll haf' to find somesing else for te General's breakfast. Air you bad hurt? I congratulate you bose on your escape from injury, an' upon te fact 'at te General has sent for you. In te meantime he has permitted me to salute you as Colonel"

"What?" says Jess

"Colonel," says te ot'er ossifer "You will proceed to headquarters at once."

His men—what wass left of 'em—gave him a cheer as he went away

T'at night I wass writing home an' Jess come in my tent an' ast me to tell 'em 'at he wass a colonel brefet.

"Well—why don' *you* write?" I says Jane'd be mighty glad to hear from you

Oh—I'll write to morrow," he says But he nefer wrote at all about it

I didn't see so much of Jess after t'at tell it come on Chancellorsville. He wass commanding a rigiment t'en, an' our ole Company K wass in it. Jess wouldn't accept te rigiment wissout us in it. It wass Sunday morning, an' we wass standing close toget'er waiting for te word to advance. Te Rebel artillery had opened right on us about ten minutes afore, an' it wass about as hot as anysing I'd seen up to t'at time.

"Jess," I says, "I'll tell Banes to bring up you' horse an' you ken stand behint him It's chust as easy standing behint a horse as not." He chust laughed like eferysing

"What's te matter, Charlie? You gitting skeered at last?"

"Yes," I says, "I am. Ain't you?

"I don' know. I ain't sought much about it. It's a good chance yere to git anot'er promotion. What you sink? Mebby a brigadier?"

"Jess," I says, "don' you remember what you tole te mammy an' Jane about trees an' holes in te ground? You ought to be square wiss t'em, Jess."

He chust laughed—like he'd bust

"We didn't know nossing t'en, did we Charlie? Holes! Te kind a holes we'll git in ll be dug by some one else. An' when we git in 'em we'll stay, ahaha—shell t'ere! Look out! All right—it's past."

A shell struck in te hill abofe us an' srower dirt all ofer us.

It *iss* gon' to be hot in t'ere," says Jess, spitting ground out his mout'

Chust t'en came te "Advance" we'd been waiting for, an' Jess wass te commander all ofer in a minute. He went in at te head of his men wiss his cap on his sword. Chust before he disappeared in te artillery smoke he saw me behint him closing up te gaps in te ranks 'at te grape wass making. He slung a kind a kiss back. I nefer seen him look so glorious

Jess nefer got back. I didn't git back myself tell night, an' t'en on a stretcher Chust we safed te colors. It took 'most half te rigiment—dead an' wounded—to do it

When I got out te hospital t'ere wass a brigadier's brevet a waiting for Jess, t'ey tole me, an' a littler one for me

We tried hard to find him efer amongst te dead. But nossing wass efer seen or heard of him after t'at glorious charge. An' I knowed t'en, an' I know now, 'at t'at's te way he'd a wanted to die

I lost my arm t'at Sunday, an' had a right to a furlough. But I wass afeared to go home wissout Jess. I use to dream in the hospital of Jane an' te mammy saying t'at away "Bring him back. He's all I got. Don' come back wissout him" An' I'd hear t'at prayer of te ole preacher—bose of his boyss wass dead—an' t'en I'd see Jess disappearing in te smoke of te cannons wiss his cap on his sword an' his face all shining an' glorious T'en I'd recomember t'at ot'er Sunday morning on te square

I couldn't do it. I'd rat'er face Lee's cannon t'an Jane's eyes. So, I fought srough te whole war—tell I wass tired of fighting. My, how tired I *wass* of it' But at last I had to go home. Te war wass ofer an' I had nowheres else to go to

Chust four of us got off te cars 'at brung us up from te Grand Review. An' we hadn't on no Souafe unicorns—chust faded blue An' we hadn't no red cheeks no more, but we looked old, an' felt older'n we looked. An' tired—I nefer was so tired in all my life! An' cripples—we wass all cripples

Te ole brass band—what wass left of it—wass at te cars to meet us. It wass 'most all bass now—'most all bass. An' te ole brass battery wass t'ere shinier'n efer, wiss te twelfe white horses in, an' te cannoneers setting up as straight as efer. But t'ey wassn't te same cannoneers. An' sousands an' sousands of people—most of 'em growed up sence we went away. All t'ere to meet chust us four cripples! We all cried, I sink. Te band cried so it couldn't play for a while.

"Boyss," I says, "'t's all foolishness Let's mofe. I'm te ranking ossifer, so—Fall in! Front—face! By te right wheel—by fours—forwards—march! By fours!"

We fell in behint te battery an' I tole te color-bearer to unfurl te colors. Oh, how te men cheered an' cried an' yelled when t'ey seen t'eir ragged ole flag! Some run in an' hugged an' kissed it chust like it wass alife. We had brung it back—yes. An' it wass more glorious t'an when we went away.

"Business System"

Is the title of our 64-page book, describing and explaining the modern business methods used by our clients and many successful businesses. Sent free upon request

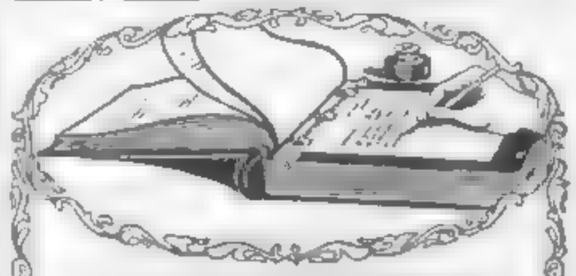
$1.25

(Express Prepaid

And upward, buys a complete Macey

Card System Shipped "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found in every way positively the best Card System. Write for book No. "S."

The Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia
Manufacturers and Direct Advertisers



Letters Copied While Writing

No PRESS. No WATER. No BRUSH. No MESS. ANY INK. ANY PEN. A CARBON LETTER BOOK

no extra pressure, and our PENCARBON LETTER BOOK produces a *perfect* copy. For letters, bills, etc., to be used anywhere. If your stationer does not keep it, write for *free* specimen of work. Address Dept. G.

Pencarbon-Manifold Co., 145-149 Centre St., New York

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS. You can make BIG MONEY exhibiting to the public at the regular theatre and lecture circuit. The Field is large and the cost. The Field is large and the cost is low. Duplicate entertainment Supply

Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything and will be sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago Ills

Expert Shorthand Instruction By Mail

We have the largest school in New York. All instruction individual. We do not use the old time printed slips for the lessons. We call your attention to the fact that each lesson will be accompanied by a personal letter of explanation. We think we can give you better satisfaction than a correspondence school or college, as our teaching is practical, every day experience.

Terms reasonable. Write for booklet, or if in the vicinity call, and we will be pleased to show you our system.

Manhattan Reporting Co., 1328 American Trust Bldg., New York

ENGINEERING

Mining, Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Railroad, etc., TAUGHT BY MAIL by a corps of graduates from the leading universities of the country. Degrees conferred by authority of Congress. 9th year. Spare time study alone required to graduate in one of the leading professions. Tuition payable in instalments. Write for illustrated booklet

National Correspondence Institute
13-17 Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SPECIAL OFFER

American $10 Typewriter

We will give the first person in each town to send to us the name of 10 persons to obtain the American Typewriter, the best low-priced typewriter on the market. Liberal attractive terms. Write promptly for our sample work, and see if our offer does not interest you.

American Typewriter Company, 264 Broadway, New York

JOURNALISM

Thorough, scientific course by mail, adapted to individual needs. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Practical. Instructors experienced and competent.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, No. 132 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

ILLUSTRATING TAUGHT BY MAIL

Home lessons by well known illustrators. Practical, profitable, interesting. Adapted

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING, 110 W. 34th St., N. Y.

20 MINUTES a day in the study of advertising will fit you for $25 to $50 per week position. Employed graduates everywhere. We teach every practical feature by mail. *Write for evidence free.* Page-Davis Co. Suite 18, 167 Adams St., Chicago

GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900

Now Another Proof of Superiority

The Smith Premier Typewriter

Has been Adopted for the Official Work of the

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

Buffalo, 1901

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

"I've got a FREE SCHOLARSHIP."

Technical Education By Mail

To introduce the high standard of The [illegible] Correspondence [illegible] have written [illegible] a limited number of Free Scholarships in Mechanical, Electrical or Steam

Engineering

[illegible]

An excellent opportunity for private instruction in Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing or the sciences, under the direction of competent instructors.

Application blank on request

American School of Correspondence

Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

"Do Not Stammer"

"I have heard such favorable commendation from those who have been cured by you, that I am very glad to add any word of recommendation [illegible] Rev. [illegible], *Isabella Macdonald Alden (Pansy), Phila*

Send for new 67 page book to the Philadelphia Institute, 1032 Spring Garden St., Philada. Established 31 years.

EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Founder and President

ARE YOU A TEACHER?

If so, YOU should read this advertisement. The demand is for better teachers and specialists. Meet that demand by taking our courses, which are characterized by standard methods and standard texts.

Thorough preparation for all examinations. Commercial and special courses.

Write us for further information.

Interstate Correspondence School, 1931 Broadway, New York

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1901. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared by mail by us. Ninth year. Full particulars free concerning [illegible] examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. *Write today.*

National Correspondence Institute 19 42 24 Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BRAINS

Can help you rise in the world. If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it by

Learning Proofreading?

We are the original instructors by mail. Home Correspondence School, Philada.

But t'ey wass sinking of somesing t'ey hadn't sought of t'en—te cost. It wass chust a ole rag, but ninety-six men had died under it An' I guess it spoke to t'ese people of all t'ose

Te ole band struck up a chune—Home Sweet Home! Oh Gott! Oh Gott! If you nefer been to war you don' know what t'at iss—t'at Home, Sweet Home. Down in Virginny when any one'd sing t'at chune we'd sink of beds—warm beds an' hot coffee. But now I wass sinking of chust Jane an' te ole mammy an' te home we use to haf' so long ago—it seemed like a sousand years. An' te home we had planned to haf' when te war wass ofer

I kep' my eyes "front" so's I wouldn't see 'em. But as we marched apast some one looked in my face as if she wassn't sure, an' t en she grabbed my arm. She was changed intirely. But I knowed her right off

"Where's Jess?" she ast, short an' sharp, as of ole

I had been expecting t'at for four years Yit it wass like a cannon ball in my breast She didn't know he wass dead

"Oh," I says, lying he'll be along some of t'ese days, I expect Generals ken do as t'ey like. T'ey don' take no account of chust majors

"Of course," she says, straightening up like a soldier on parade, "of course. He may be here any day. We'll keep his place at te table, an' haf his bed ready made up for him."

Jane didn't say a word chust looked srough an' srough me

"Don't you sink," says Aunt Jane, short an' sharp, "'at we'd bet'er haf' his bed made up right away—Jane?

Yes," says Jane in a kind a dream

"T'en come along home."

T'ey done t'at for more'n twenty-fife years. His plate is always ready at te table, an' when t'ey set down to eat t'ey fold t'eir hands an' look t'at way like Jess wass t'ere saying his little grace. His ole blue slippers has been warming at te fire all t'at time, an' his bed is always ready to chust roll in.

After while te neighbors'd pull me behint somsing an' tell me 'at bose Aunt Jane an' Jane wass hipped 'bout Jess' coming home But t'at's not so. T'ey wass as sensible as me Anyhow, I'd ketch myself elery now an t'en, when te door'd open, putting my hand to my ear—I don't hear so well no more—to ketch te sound of Jess' footsteps I seen him go into t'at hell of metal an' flame on t'at Sunday morning. But how do I *know* 'at he's dead?

Fife years ago te mammy died

He may come yit, Charlie," she says to me chust before. "He may come yit—what you sink?"

But it wass a interrogation point at te end for te first time, an' I couldn't look in her dim ole eyes an' li

"He liked me best—t'en Jane—t'en you, Charlie. I wanted us all to be toget'er when he comes. But Jane ken wait in my place, an' you ken help her—you ken help her He may come any day. Tell him when he comes 'at I waited—as—as long as I could Tell him I kep' everysing ready chust exactly like afore he went away. Nossing changed—not a sing changed. A little ole-fashioned, mebby, for a great general, but I know he'd rat'er haf' 'em t'an new ones. Because he ken go to bed in te dark—chust like he use' to—chust like he use' to—if he *iss* a great general. Yes—tell him I waited as long as I could an' now Jane'll wait an' keep his sings ready chust like I did. It's a hard business t'at waiting—waiting. But two ken do it better'n one. An' now *she'll* wait tell he comes, no matter how long; won't you, Jane?"

"Tell I die," says Jane, soft an' quiet

"An' Charlie'll help you," she says yit.

Jane an' me rode home from te funeral toget'er

Jane," I says, as pleading as I could, "Jess won't nefer——"

Hush!" she says, flashing lightening at me out her eyes

"Jane," I says, "forgife me."

She turned an' looked at me. Her face wass like a sad anchel's t'en. I stroked her hand a little an' she let me Presently she says chust wiss a sigh

"Poor Charlie; poor ole Charlie.

I kep' a holt her hand

"Jane," I says, "ken I help you to wait?"

For a while she didn't say anysing. T'en two tears rolled down her face. She gave my hand a little squeeze an' says chust, "Yes."

She' waiting for him yit—bose of us air. We set by te fire nights, an' sometimes we talk an' sometimes we don't. I like t'at an' I sink mebby Jane does. Our cheers haf been getting closter an' closter all te time Seems like t'ey can't git *much* closter now Sometimes we laugh out loud. An' sometimes Jane lets me hold her soft ole hand Onct or twict I kissed it. I'd like to kiss her. But I guess she wouldn't let me—yit Last year she cried a little as I tole her 'bout te war—an' quick hugged my empty sleefe But t'at wass all. An' she hasn't done it sence

You'd hardly know Jane from te ot'er description of her. She's ofer fifty years old But she's not a ole woman—not even middle-aged She's as handsome as ever Yessir! Sometimes I sink she's handsomer Her lips air red—her eyes air bright—an' she's nice an' plump. She keeps dressed up all te time—account Jess use' to like t'at. I expect te frocks she wears an' te way she fixes her hair is a little ole fashioned She ain't changed 'em much. Te only sing she worries about is her hair. It's getting right gray. She sinks 'at when Jess comes home he'll be like t'at pictur' in his Souafe uniform—she's so used to it! An' me—I don' tell her no different—chust help her to wait

Mr. Dooley's Philosophy

MR. DOOLEY'S place on the Archey Road is now a restaurant. It contains a stock ticker cackling off news as rapidly as it happens. You go to the ticker, read the latest occurrences, and then pass over to the slot machines where you drop in your nickel and before the whirr of the wheel has ceased out comes a Dooley deliverance all manifolded for the syndicates. If the truth were fully known we should probably find that Mr Dooley's customers are speculating in stocks and that he is serving diamond-back terrapin on the free-lunch counter

Some of them may be going the pace that kills and wearing raglans, but it is a joy to know that Hennessy remains, and to him Dooley dedicates his latest volume (*Mr Dooley's Philosophy: R. H. Russell & Co.*)—"To the Hennessys of the world who suffer and are silent." And it is to Hennessy that he addresses himself through all his dissertations, as when he says

Ye know what orig-inal sin is, Hinnissy Ye was bor-rn with wan an' I was bor-rn with wan, an' ivrybody was bor-rn with wan 'Twas took out iv me be Father Tuomy with holy wather first an' be me father aftherward with a sthrap."

The wonder is that Mr. Dunne is able to keep it up so well. There is no repetition but a constant flow of dry humor, sane comment and accurate observation all expressed as no other writer of our day and generation has been able to do. It is the habit of those who comment on writers to say that a man who has won success and who attempts to duplicate it is trying to do too much and is falling on the other side. We believe that one critic has expressed something of the sort about Mr. Dooley. If he did he has not read his latest work. Of course the first stroke had the novelty, but that granted it is impossible to deny that Mr. Dunne has not only maintained his wonderfully fine average but has distinctly increased his reputation

Extracts from such a volume are difficult. Here is his definition, for instance, of High Finance "Well sure, it ain't burglary, an' it ain't obtainin' money be false pretenses an' it ain't manslaughter,' I says. 'It's what ye might call a judicious selection fr'm th' best features iv thim ar-rts,' I says.

Or take this on Christian Journalism: "Ye see, Himmissy, th' editor wint to th' wrong shop f'r what Hogan calls his inspiration Father Kelly was talkin' it over with me, an' says he: 'They ain't anny news in bein' good. Ye might write th' doin's iv all th' convents iv th' wurruld on th' back iv a postage stamp, an' have room to spare. Supposin' ye took out iv a newspaper all th' murdhers, an' suicides, an' divorces, an' elopements, an' fires, an' disease, an' war, an' famine,' he says, 'ye wudden't have enough left to keep a man busy r-readin' while he rode ar-roun' th' block on th' lightnin' express. No,' he says, 'news is sin an' sin is news, an' I'm worth on'y a line beginnin': 'Kelly, at the parish house, April, twinty-second, in th' fiftieth year iv his age,'" an' pay f'r that, while Scanlan's bad boy is good f'r a column anny time he goes dhrunk an' thries to kill a polisman."

Of the paragraphs in the Casual Observations worth quoting, for instance: "Manny people'd rather be kilt at Newport thin at Bunker Hill," or, "'Tis a good thing th' fun'ral sermons ar-re not composed in th' confissional," are good examples.

Our students and graduates, to the number of 250,000, have made their mark or are now working out careers in the higher and better paid positions.

Cut a Figure in the World

We offer the advantages of the best technical schools to men and women who are determined to carve out their fortunes by the sure method The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., are

Teaching mechanics the theory of their work

Helping misplaced people to change their work

Enabling young people to support themselves while learning professions

Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Civil and Mining Engineering; Architecture; Plumbing; Heating; Refrigeration; Pattern Drafting; Drawing and Designing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Telephony; Stenography; Bookkeeping; English Branches; Methods of Teaching. [illegible] subjects

International Correspondence Schools

Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000

Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Send ten cents to-day for 10 months' trial subscription to

THE AMERICAN BOY

[illegible] subscribers in one year

SPECIALTY PUBLISHING CO., 208 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HOME STUDY of BOOK-KEEPING SHORTHAND BUSINESS FORMS OFFICE WORK, Etc.

Private Lessons BY MAIL [illegible] good paying positions. [illegible] increase in business. [illegible] acquired. The cheapest and best method [illegible] English, Civil Service and other courses by mail or at our school. [illegible] 46 Years. Trial lesson, 10 cents. Catalog Free

BRYANT & STRATTON, 455 College Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY

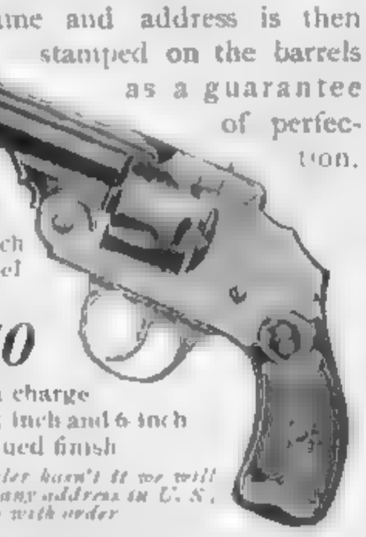
Taught thoroughly Total Cost, Tuition telegraphy and typewriting, board and room, 6-months' course, $50. Can be reduced one half great demand for operators; we have [illegible] Dodge's Inst. tute, Valparaiso, Ind.

Perfectly Safe!

The only way to discharge it is to pull the trigger

No other Revolver has this Safety Attachment

All Revolvers and Guns made by us are inspected and tested at every stage of their manufacture, until at completion they are as true as any scientific instrument; our name and address is then stamped on the barrels as a guarantee of perfection.



.32 or .38 Caliber, 5-shot Chamber; 3½ inch barrel, nickel plated

$5.50

Small extra charge for 4 inch, 5 inch and 6 inch barrel or blued finish

If your dealer hasn't it we will send same to any address in U. S., prepaid, cash with order

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A.

New York Office, 99 Chambers Street.

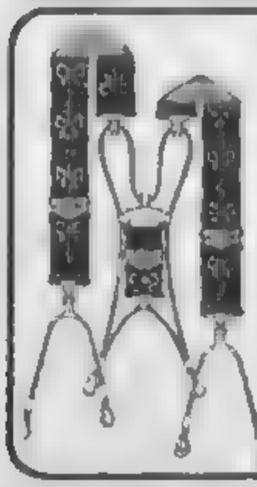
Manufacturers of the well known Iver Johnson Bicycles and Guns.

Established 1871. Catalogues Free.

IVER JOHNSON

Safety
Hammerless
Automatic

REVOLVER



The climax of comfort

Is found in

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

If "President" is on the buckles, it's genuine.

Sold everywhere, 50c., or by mail, postpaid.

Trimmings will not rust. Every pair guaranteed

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO. Box 231, Shirley, Mass.

HAPPYFOOT Hair Insoles

Keep feet dry. Keep warm in cold weather. Cushion for feet. Make walking a pleasure. A godsend to tender, callous or perspiring feet. Take up no room. Indispensable for school children and outdoor people. Comfortable summer or winter.

10c. a pair, 3 pairs 25c. Better quality, cross-belted edges, 15c. a pair, 2 pairs for 25c. If not at your druggist's or shoe dealer's, send us size

The Wm. R. Wiley & Son Co., Box 61, Hartford, Conn.

BIRD MANNA

Makes Home Happy. Restores Cage Birds to health and song.

Relished by Mocking and all other Birds. Sold by Druggists.

That quarles Delight. Restores the feathers. Mailed for 15 cents.

BIRD YOUR COMPANY, No. 600 N. 24 Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Largest Nursery. Result of 70 years experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

A Love Tale Picturesquely Set

Historical novels are the order of the day. There is no escaping them, for what the public wants, the wise purveyors to the public provide with a liberal hand; and, so far, readers have evinced little disposition to weary of a diet which has been served up to them in many dishes, but with the same sauce, for the past seven years. The House of Egremont, however, is rather a story of a period than a story dealing with historic characters. (*By Molly Elliot Seawell. Charles Scribner's Sons.*) We have glimpses of Louis the Fourteenth, of William of Orange, of the dethroned James; but they merely serve to give local coloring to the narrative. There is no attempt made to present them as vital elements of the tale. Were we disposed to dispute this local coloring, we should take issue at the doubtful statement that Madame de Maintenon was awed into meekness by "the true majesty" of Mary Beatrice of Modena. *La veuve Scarron* was not easily awed. She had more ability in her little finger than the poor English Queen could even understand. She was cold of heart, yet steadfast in friendship, and capable of generosity where her own interests were not at stake. Her position enabled her to show much friendship to the royal exiles, and her unfaltering respect for Mary of Modena is one of the most pleasing characteristics of a powerful, but unlovable, personality

For the rest, Miss Seawell's novel is a bravely written story, full of honest, simple emotion. It reflects that charming fidelity to the Stewarts and their lost cause which is the very essence of romance. To people who did not have to live under the Stewarts they were a delightful family. They stand for all that is most interesting in history and in the human heart. They were served with a passionate loyalty as beautiful as it was inexplicable. They were unsatisfactory from beginning to end, yet they hold the love of men now as easily as they held it in life. Not all the biographies of Cromwell with which we are inundated can rob them of what should never in justice be theirs

The House of Egremont has but three representatives—a soldier, a saint and a villain. The soldier very properly devotes himself to the uncrowned King, and follows him to France. The villain, just as properly, gives his discreditable allegiance to the Dutch usurper. And the saint dies—as a saint should die—for the faith that is in his soul. These things make wholesome reading. They fit into the acknowledged order of things. They appeal to our sense of proportion. Miss Seawell has not overloaded her book with incident. She has been chary rather than profuse in this regard. Consequently it is an agreeable surprise when the two bad characters, who stand in the way of everybody's happiness, destroy each other in a fight. This is poetic justice, and highly satisfactory to the reader who has asked himself all through the story how these men were to be gotten rid of. The proper disposal of even one villain is a difficult problem to face; but it takes a determined master-stroke to kill two. Only the soldier is left to perpetuate the House of Egremont, but we take leave of him upon his wedding-day

—*Agnes Repplier.*

From Kentucky to Cuba

Clay Crittenden is the son of a Confederate officer who died fighting for the Stars and Bars. At the opening of this story (*Crittenden; by John Fox, Jr.: Charles Scribner's Sons*) Crittenden is suffering from two causes—an ill defined sense of alienation from the spirit which animates his country, and a disappointment in love. The first cause he does not fully grasp, but the second he realizes only too well. Both are tending to push him toward the indulgence of a half admitted sense of failure. At this juncture in his personal fortunes the Spanish War breaks out. The ensuing effacement of party and sectional lines made strong appeal to his nature, sincere, strong, yet disquieted by his unavailing assumption that he had forgotten her whom he loved

Crittenden enlisted as a private in the regular army, served with a Southerner's inborn fidelity and courage at Caney and Santiago, was seriously wounded in the "great little fight," as the author sagely calls it, and was nursed slowly back to life But this, forsooth, is of true Blue Grass love and therefore it is hardly needful to say that Judith loved him after all, went as nurse to the war, fell sick and returned to Kentucky, there to meet her lover, no longer wavering in allegiance to his personal ideals or to his national citizenship, but restored by the constancy of love and the experience of a "regular" to a full comprehension of American life and its demands. There was "another man," but Judith's affection for him had died by reason of his unworthiness, for which he made atonement on the field of battle at Crittenden's side, an unsuspected rival till the moment of death. The often told story of the Cuban campaign, already receding history though but three years old, is keenly revived. The passion for battle, the absolute detachment of the human unit in the midst of monstrous chaos, the pettinesses, the complete sacrifices—are admirably felt and reproduced.

To one not a Kentuckian, and therefore perhaps incapable of complete surrender of the reasoning faculties in affairs of the heart, there might, in reading Crittenden, arise the ungallant conviction that Judith was not worthy of this strong man's devotion. Her character passed through no fierce retort of experience, and was consequently the less ennobled product. On the whole I prefer to stand by Mr. Fox's fine conception of war and its solemn utilities, and leave his love-making to make its own defense, if it needs any. It is, however, purity and simplicity itself, and as free from morbid analysis as a Hausmarchen. Three things there must be in a Kentucky love making—a fine woman, a brave man and a horse. Mr. Fox has forgotten nothing. —*Lindsay Swift*

Tolstoi's Gruesome Play

It is reported from Russia that Count Leo Tolstoi is going to remove from the country to Moscow, which he intends to make his permanent home. This is probably because, although he is said to have recovered completely from the effects of his recent accident, the state of his health will no longer allow him to indulge in the manual labor, such as digging, felling trees and carrying water, and the physical exercises, such as cycling and swinging Indian clubs, to which he was accustomed. He is now working at a play which will be called A Dead Body

Sir Arthur Sullivan's Biography

Besides the enormous personal loss which the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan was, there was also a loss to literature in its suddenness. For Sir Arthur had almost, but not quite, finished the work which he was doing with Mr. Arthur Lawrence in revising the "Life" (of Sir Arthur) which Mr. Lawrence published last year. Still the greatest part of the work was done and Mr. Lawrence has all Sir Arthur's papers. The last time he saw the distinguished musician the two talked, curiously enough, of the death of Sims Reeves, the tenor, and of death itself

The New Books of the Week

The Frigate Constitution: Ira N. Hollis	Houghton, Mifflin & Co
Fairfax, the Town of the Conqueror: Anna Bowman Dodd	Little, Brown & Co
The Transit of Civilization: Edward Eggleston	D. Appleton & Co
A Plucky Girl: Lilian T. Meade	George W. Jacobs & Co
Man and the Spiritual World: Rev. Arthur Chambers	George W. Jacobs & Co
A Life of St. John, for the Young: George Ludington Weed	George W. Jacobs & Co
The Girls of Bonnie Castle: Izola L. Forrester	George W. Jacobs & Co
Boxing: J. C. Trotter	The Penn Publishing Company
Golf: Horace Hutchinson	The Penn Publishing Company
Plutarch's Lives: Edward S. Ellis, A. M.	The Penn Publishing Company
Classical Dictionary: Edward S. Ellis, A. M.	The Penn Publishing Company
Things Worth Knowing: John H. Bechtel	The Penn Publishing Company
Earning Her Way to College: Mrs. Clarke Johnson	The Penn Publishing Company
The Young Financier: William O. Stoddard	The Penn Publishing Company

The Luxurious Every-Day Train to California

The Overland Limited leaves Chicago 6.30 P. M. via Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific System.

Dining cars à la carte. Buffet Library Cars with barber. Drawing Room Sleeping Cars without charge. The best of everything.

Send for booklet "California Illustrated."

New York	435 Vine Street, Cincinnati
	501 Smithfield St., Pittsburg
	Cleveland
Buffalo	Detroit
Chicago	King St., E., Toronto

The WOODEN HEN

A high class self-regulating incubator on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only $7

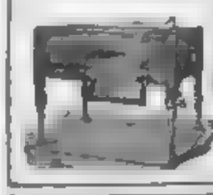
Send for the **Wooden Hen Book**; mailed free, together with a book about the **EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR**, to those who name this magazine.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois

Throat Ease and Breath Perfume.

SEN-SEN 5¢

Strong, Healthy Chicks



Are hatched by our incubators, and more of them than hens can hatch. Why? Because our regulator never fails to keep the heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages, gives full description, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers

Send for 6 cents

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO.

Box 648 Des Moines, Ia.

WOODWORK SPECIALTIES

If you wish your specialties in woodwork manufactured, we can give you lowest prices and satisfactory work. Write us for estimates

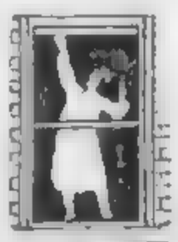
Racine Refrigerator and Fixture Co. Racine, Wis.

Shade Won't Work

Because it isn't mounted on

THE IMPROVED

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.



A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades

Learn Telegraphy at Home

Thorough instruction in Commercial and Railway Telegraphy by mail. Graduates assisted to situations. Catalogue free. National Correspondence School, Oberlin, O.

POULTRY PAPER, Illustrated, 32 pages, 15 cents per year, 4 months' trial 10 cents. Sample Free. 64 page practical poultry book free. Catalogue free. POULTRY ADVOCATE, Syracuse, N. Y.

TOILET PAPER

Our Family Case, containing 3000-sheet rolls, enough for

One Year's Supply

For the average family, on receipt of

One Dollar

Delivered FREE at any express office in the United States.

Sample sheets and unique booklet sent on request

A. P. W. PAPER CO.

28 Colonie St., Albany, N. Y.

Uniform Temperature

ALWAYS! It makes no difference what or you use for fuel, whether it is new or old. All you need is the

Automatic Electric Heat Regulator

Free Trial
Booklet. WRITE TO DAY
W. R. SWEATT, Secretary
26th St. and Ave. F. South Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE BOOK STORE BY MAIL WHOLESALE PRICES

Write for our catalogue 416 pages 6 x 9 inches
15,000 Books, Bibles, Period cals, etc., etc., at Wholesale Prices. All books carried in stock. Free of charge.
THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, 266-8 Wabash Ave. Chicago

Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Edson, Inauguration Chairman

About the most responsible task in the line of public entertaining which comes to any citizen of the nation is that which falls to the lot of the Chairman of a Presidential Inauguration Committee. The people of the District of Columbia, having no part in electing a President, have, from time immemorial, claimed the right of ushering the Chief Executive into office, and much of the business detail which attends the management of so gigantic a celebration must pass under the eye of the man who, in his relation to this spectacular enterprise, corresponds with the general manager of a mercantile or manufacturing business

A striking evidence of the energetic methods which characterize the conduct of affairs in this country at the dawn of the century is found in the manner in which Mr. John Joy Edson has gone about preparing for the formal installation of President McKinley into office for the second time. That Mr. Edson is a very busy man may be imagined when it is stated that he holds office in more than a score of corporations

When Senator Hanna, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, originally offered Mr. Edson the position of chairman of the Inauguration Committee, the Washingtonian declined it. Then, ten days later, when he supposed some other person had been decided upon, there came a second and more urgent demand that he undertake the work. When Mr. Edson finally decided to accept there was no time to be lost The mails were too slow and the telephone and messenger boys were called into requisition with the result that within a few hours thereafter the active work of preparation was well under way

Mr. Edson has made some radically new plans for the entertainment of the quarter of a million people who will participate in the Presidential Inauguration. He has a committee delegated to every task, from maintaining clear thoroughfares for the paraders to escorting the President to the Inaugural Ball, and the committees occupy suites of offices where business moves with the clock like precision of a banking institution.

Li Hung Chang's Cunning

In the accounts of the negotiations with Li Hung Chang it will be noticed that the old gentleman uses the most perfect and fluent English. It will be recalled that when Li was in this country a few years ago he declared himself to be perfectly ignorant of the English language, and required the services of an interpreter on all occasions

He had made his tour through the country and had gone back to China before a Boston lady, who had long lived in China, returned and mentioned that she had met Li a number of times, and had talked with him in English, which she declared he spoke better than she did. Then it was remembered that General Grant, who admired the Chinese statesman very much, had held several long conversations with him, at which no one was present except themselves, and had often expressed the pleasure it gave him to talk with Li

Then the Occidentals woke up to the fact that there were resources in the Oriental mind of which the Occidentals never dreamed

The Personality of Miss Corelli

Miss Marie Corelli, whose Master Christian bids fair to sell a quarter of a million copies in Great Britain alone, is one of the very few popular novelists whose personal appearance is almost unknown to the public. The truth as may be supposed, is to be found somewhere midway between the suppositions which her detractors and admirers have made, and, in reality, she does not fill in the lines of ugliness or of extreme beauty which have been passed off as presentments Extremely petite, so ardent is the temperament which animates her small frame and so definite is the personal dignity which she carries into all the actions of life, that one forgets to reckon her stature by inches, and though to touch on a delicate matter, her appearance is that of a woman of about thirty years her animation and the promptness of her conversation give one a not unpleasing impression of youthfulness, which is aided by her small features, fair hair and blue eyes. Holmes would have described her as an "affirmative" blonde. Unlike many feminine writers of fiction, she is invariably well dressed, and is assisted by the best of good taste

It is not generally known that her two books, Boy and The Master Christian, were written simultaneously in the old fashioned house which she occupied for eighteen months at Stratford-on Avon. The first named was written in obedience to a contract from which the publisher refused to release her, and was carried on, at the same time as the other, "under protest," but has proved to be one of the most successful of her books.

The Minister from Persia

At a recent reception in Washington, Minister Isaac Khan, the new Persian envoy to the United States, found himself seated next to an ingenuous young American girl who, in the course of the conversation, said: "I presume it seems quite like stepping into another century for one of your nationality to come in contact with some of our modern devices and methods?"

"Well," replied the Shah's representative, "I can see that America is a country full of wonderful inventions, but perhaps I in turn can surprise you when I tell you that Teheran, our capital, has telephones, telegraphs and tramways, and that our people, at least those of the higher rank, wear European dress."

A chance circumstance in connection with the recent Centennial celebration at Washington is likely to do more to restore a kindly feeling toward the United States on the part of the Persian ruler than would a number of apparently more momentous occurrences. It will be remembered that the Shah of Persia has refrained for some years from sending any Minister to Washington for the reason that the good natured fun which the American newspapers poked at the name and dress of Hadji Hussan Ghouli Khan Metamed el Vessare were construed by the Eastern ruler as a personal insult. It was very fortunate, therefore, that on almost the first day of the new diplomat's residence at Washington he should attend the Centennial exhibition at Independence Hall and find the entwined flags of Persia and the United States draped above the seat occupied by President McKinley. A decorator was solely responsible for the arrangement, but the newcomer accepted it as a personal tribute

In addition to his diplomatic position the Minister is general aide-de camp to the Shah of Persia and a man of considerable importance in his own country. He is about forty years of age, is a bachelor, and has represented his country in a diplomatic capacity in Egypt and Belgium and at St. Petersburg. His knowledge of the English language is not as extensive as that of some of Uncle Sam's official guests, but he speaks French, Russian Turkish and Arabic fluently The Minister is very fond of outdoor sports, polo being his favorite pastime. In his own country he enjoys a reputation as a tiger hunter It is his intention to establish a Persian Legation at Washington, and he has expressed the hope that he will be enabled to entertain extensively, an ambition which he can doubtless gratify, as he is a man of considerable means

A Teacher of Nature Study

Education seems to be getting back to first principles, and one of its popular forms is that of the study of plants, minerals and trees One of the most prominent of the teachers of Nature study is Miss Louise Klein Miller who was for several years the director of Nature study in the public school training school of Detroit, Michigan, and more recently instructor in Nature study at the summer school at Chautauqua

It was Miss Miller who prepared for the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania a complete course in Nature study for the public schools, the classes and kinds of study being regulated for every month in the year, for every age of children from the first to the fifth grade. This pamphlet has been published by the State of Pennsylvania, and the Secretary of Agriculture calls it a Guide to Teachers, and says

"This bulletin is also informal notice to teachers in Pennsylvania that in the near future such instruction as it outlines will be required in every country school;" and he adds that it is no new fad in education, but was outlined in a work entitled Reflections and Maxims, written by William Penn shortly before his death

DANGER SIGNALS OF DISEASE

NORMAL TEMPERATURE 98 3/5

Taylor CLINICAL THERMOMETERS

Are as necessary in every household as a barometer is on shipboard.

When the temperature varies from normal there is danger of disease

Prompt action may save serious illness of yourself or of your children

What a Taylor-Certified Clinical Thermometer does is told in a little book, entitled

"Danger Signals of Disease"

which will be sent free postpaid, to any address

Taylor-Certified Clinical Thermometers can be had at $1.00 and $1.25 magnifying tube; each, from druggists generally, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Taylor Brothers Company

Dept. B, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY, 95 Chambers Street. LONDON, E. C. 108 Hatton Garden

A WONDERFUL LIGHT.

Cost for service 1-11 as much as gas, yet a pleasanter, brighter light. 100 candle power 20 hours costs 3c. Fine print read 40 feet away. No [illegible] never out of order, light, portable. Every style in double and single burners [illegible] designs in copper oxide, polished brass and nickel. Lighted instantly with one match. We have lot tators—ask for the "Can [illegible] Catalogue G.

CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

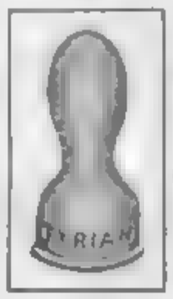
CANTON Incandescent Gasoline Lamps Lighted with ONE MATCH.

Turn on the light

"Tyrian"

No. 85 NIPPLES

To Go Over Neck of Nursing Bottle



If you have not yet tried them we send you one to sample with 2 cts. go

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

[illegible] to 50 Cents.

We manufacture a full line of Druggists' Rubber Goods.

Pamphlet, "Worth Reading" FREE

TYER RUBBER CO. Andover, Mass.

Parquet and Hardwood Floors

Wax Floor Polish, etc.

J. DUNFEE & CO.

[illegible] Franklin and Washington Sts. CHICAGO

Send for Book of Designs

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

STEUBEN SANITARIUM Hornellsville, N. Y.

The Old Mill Card Back

Universally admired. The New York *Times* says: "One of the greatest playing card makers in Europe said he could scarcely realize it possible to employ so delicate and essentially artistic a design for a playing card as the Old Mill Back." Found only in

"Congress" Playing Cards

Gold Edges, Fashion Series.

Crisp, thin, elastic; beautiful backs of many designs, such as the famous Rookwood Indian, Spinning Wheel, Good Night, Yacht, Delft, etc. Especially suited for handsomely appointed card parties. Sold by dealers. Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1900.

"**Entertaining with Cards,**" illustrated, gives descriptions of many novel card parties, suggestions for decorations, menu, prizes, etc. Tells to be used. Send address and a two-cent stamp for a copy.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.,
Department 18. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Goddess of Liberty Trade-Mark
Ace of Spades in every pack

Duplicate Whist The best of card games—easily learned, in which science not luck wins, deserves perfect cards and trays. "Paine's," "Kalamazoo," and "U. S." Trays are neat, compact, attractive and durable. Every principle covered by patents. Infringements will be prosecuted.

The most fraudulently and flagrantly counterfeited article on the market to-day is the genuine

Johann Maria Farina Cologne

Old customers are hard to deceive. They may be misled by the bottle and label, but they know the Cologne. You cannot be deceived if the label reads **Johann Maria Farina, GEGENUBER dem Julichs Platz** - the word "*gegenüber*" must appear or the bottle is a worthless imitation. *Send for circular.*

Each bottle also bears the label of

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents

Home Calendar

THE Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway has issued a neat miniature calendar for 1901, for home use, being a direct reproduction by color photography, from the original of one of George Taggart's charming paintings—subject "After a Long Silence."

It is a noble picture, filled with a delightful sentiment, and though the reproduction is small it faithfully portrays the artist's work.

The calendar will be sent to any address for four cents in postage by A. J. SMITH, G P & T A, Cleveland, Ohio

Raising Angora Goats in America

By René Bache

THE Government Bureau of Animal Industry has silently but earnestly discountenanced the Belgian hare craze ever since it began, holding the opinion that it was a mere fad devoid of practical usefulness. If a new domestic beast is wanted, say the experts in charge of this branch of Uncle Sam's scientific work, people would do vastly better to turn their attention to the Angora goat, which appears to have a great future before it in this country. It is the goat whose fleece is the mohair of commerce—a product in such increasing demand, especially for the finest quality, as to promise large profits to the enterprising breeder. Incidentally, the meat is good for food, and the skins bring fair prices for rugs.

The animals thrive in almost any climate, and vast areas within the limits of our own territory, unfit for any other purpose are admirably adapted for goat-raising. There is no reason why we should not supply the world with mohair, if we choose to create the necessary flocks. The Angoras are extremely hardy, multiply rapidly, and require comparatively little care.

Another advantage of the industry is that it does not require large capital to begin with. To start with even a small flock of thoroughbred Angoras would be an expensive proceeding, inasmuch as the bucks cost from fifty to one hundred dollars each, and the does from ten to twelve dollars. But this is quite unnecessary, inasmuch as a first rate herd can be begun with a lot of does of the ordinary waste-lot variety, and one or two good Angora bucks. The first two or three crosses will hardly be worth shearing, but by the fifth or sixth cross, the male kids being always eliminated, the animals will be indistinguishable from pure-bred Angoras, and their fleeces will be of excellent quality.

The Growing Trade Value of the Pelts

The pelts of the Angora goats are largely used for robes and rugs. There was a time when the buffalo, the wolf and the other wild animals supplied the demand for such robes in this country, but the practical extinction of the American bison and the growing scarcity of other beasts formerly available for the purpose have made it necessary to look elsewhere for substitutes.

Thus has come about a great demand for Angora skins for robes. The fleeces are easily dyed any color—a characteristic which has enabled unscrupulous dealers at times to pass the goat pelts off on purchasers as skins of rare animals. In the natural hue, the whiteness and brilliancy of which cannot be excelled, the skins of the kids and young does are made up into robes for baby carriages, more of them being used for this purpose at the present time, probably, than in any other way.

Angora pelts are worth from $1.50 to $3.50 apiece undressed, the price depending on the size of the skin and the length of the fleece. As rugs they are used in many households, being both ornamental and durable. They are soft and beautifully white, or may be dyed to suit the taste of the buyer. Also, they are employed as trimmings for ladies' furs, while the hair alone is manufactured into horsehead tassels and wigs for dolls. Most of the Angora skins sold in this country are imported from the Cape of Good Hope, where millions of the animals are raised, and these hides bring the highest prices. Domestic skins run from fifty cents for kids to two dollars for large full-fleeced pelts.

When the flock of Angoras is built up from a small beginning the result is as satisfactory in the end as if the start were made with a bunch of thoroughbreds, the only drawback being the length of time required. But in this way the experience so necessary to success is gained while the herd increases in size. The breeder should have a good mohair-producing flock in five or six years paying at the outset only from $1.50 to $2.50 for his does. He must select only such does as are entirely white and have no dark spots on the skin, furthermore, they must be of the short-haired kind.

The Demand for the Best of Mohair

The shearing is done once a year, and there is always a ready sale for the product. In fact, the demand is far greater than the supply, and will steadily increase inasmuch as many mills would utilize mohair in great quantities if only they could get enough of it for their purposes. Comparatively little mohair of the first quality is grown in this country, but the best of what we produce is equal to the finest imported, and our entire crop, which is already considerable, could be raised to the highest grade if only reasonable care were taken in selecting the goats for breeding. The fleeces, when cut, are done up in sacks and sold to commission merchants at prices that vary according to quality, and from the commission merchants they are purchased by the mill owners.

The finer grades are mixed with silk or wool in a large variety of fabrics. They are made into dress goods known as "mohair." Much so-called alpaca is in reality mohair, and the fine fabric sold under the name of "camel's-hair goods" is likewise mohair. Mohair adds to silk or wool its own lustre and great durability. Stockings of this material last wonderfully long, and in Asiatic Turkey, where this kind of goat seems to have originated, wrappers of the fleece of the Angora are sometimes handed down from father to son for three generations. Even the short-staple and low-grade hair yielded by cross-bred animals is worth more than most sheep's wool, and is utilized for blankets, lap-robes, carpets and plushes.

The deep-seated prejudice against the use of goats of any kind for meat is founded mainly on ignorance. As far back as Abraham's day the flesh of goats (very likely Angoras, which were widely bred at that time) was commonly eaten, notwithstanding the fact that cattle and sheep were plenty. Certainly no prejudice was entertained against goat meat at that time. The flesh of the kid of the common goat is excellent, and in some parts of this country goats of all ages are killed for the table. The meat has a flavor slightly resembling deer meat, and sometimes it is called "Angora venison."

Angoras require more exercise than sheep do. They are browsers, whereas sheep are grazers, and the browsing habit necessitates greater activity. The goats do better if they are not herded; but, if it is necessary to herd them, they must not be made to feel restraint. The next best thing to free range is a large pasture. They can easily be

THIS IS ONE

Of the popular styles of the season, we make it in three heights. Other proper shapes are pictured in our new booklet "What to Wear," which also contains valuable information about correct dress. Send for a copy. If your dealer can supply you with our goods; if not, send 25c. for **two** of the best collars made.

CORLISS, COON & CO., Dept. 8, Troy, N. Y.

Knothe Unbreakable Leather

Stands every strain, will not stretch, cannot be torn, and used only on

Silkolisle Suspenders

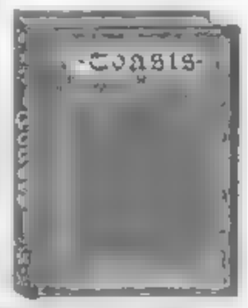
suspenders made. Will outwear two ordinary makes. Every pair guaranteed and will be replaced should any leather part break. **Price 50 cents** of first class dealers, or

Knothe Bros., 122-124 5th Ave., New York

TOASTS

By William Pittenger

Most men dread being called upon to respond to a toast or to make an address. What would you not give for the ability to be rid of this embarrassment? No need to give much when you can learn the art from this little book. It will tell you how to do it, not only that, but by example it will show the way. It is valuable not alone to the novice, but the experienced speaker will gather from it many suggestions.



Cloth Binding, 50 Cents

Sold everywhere or mailed for the price.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
921 Arch St., Philadelphia

"Our Favorite" GOLD ENAMEL

(WASHABLE)

For gilding any article. Produces a Gold Lent ... Any one can apply it. On receipt of a ... request, we will send you **FREE** a book on

HOW TO BEAUTIFY AND DECORATE YOUR HOME

With ... and application. This book tells you how ... and decorate, at a trifling expense, articles ... useless. ... and pleasant ... or glitter and ...

GERSTENDORFER BROS.
43, Dept. 7, Park Place, New York

Miniature Animals

Hand Painted

Solid metal, perfect in design and coloring, hard enamel ... Dog, Bear, Dash hound, Buffalo, Donkey, Swan, Cat, Pig, Frog, Kitten, Filipino. **Price by mail, 25c each**

DOWST BROS. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Order sample and you will want all styles

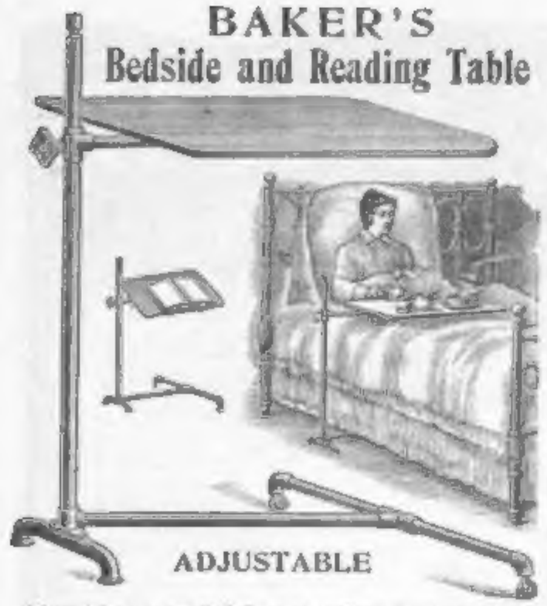
FEVER Thermometers mailed to any address for **75 cents** each. Lens front, re tested, self registering, guaranteed instruments, in a nice metal chain case, with directions. Every family should have one. Address

PHYS.-THER.-CLUB, GREENFIELD, OHIO

STOP STAMMERING

... The Lewis School for Stammerers, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

BAKER'S Bedside and Reading Table



ADJUSTABLE

Adapted for use over Bed, Lounge or Chair, for serving meals, reading, writing, etc. Has finely polished quartered oak top, that can be raised, lowered or tilted either way. Perfect device for holding books attached to each side. Frame is steel tubing, handsomely finished. Table weighs 15 lbs. Height, 28 inches. There is nothing that affords more Encouragement, Cheer and

COMFORT IN SICKNESS

Than this most perfect table. Adopted by U. S. Gov't Institutions. **In five styles**—Black Enamel, $4.25; White Enamel, $4.75; Nickel Plated, $6.75; Brass Plated, $7.00; Antique Copper Plated (very handsome), $7.25. **Freight prepaid** east of Colorado; by express prepaid, fifty cents extra.

Prompt shipment and safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. **Interesting Booklet mailed free.** Send for it.

J. R. BAKER & SONS CO., 62 Wayne St., Kendallville, Ind.

Weak Women

are made strong with PEARLINE. The little woman manages, easily, a big wash; house-cleaning cannot frighten her. Don't depend on your strength as you have to—with Soap. PEARLINE does the work—your wits plan it. PEARLINE saves at every point. It is a regular steam-engine in the struggle against dirt.

Planting Time

Is not far off. Planning time is here. Decide now, what you want to plant when the frost leaves. Send at once for

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide

It's more than a seed catalogue—it's an illustrated book of information, helpful to every one who plants for pleasure, essential to every one who plants for profit. Sent free to those who mention what they wish to grow.

JAMES VICK'S SONS
Box 1509, Rochester, N. Y.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving.

GET MENNEN'S (the original)

Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., 10 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

SEEDS, PLANTS

Roses, Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Trees

The best by 47 years' test. 1000 acres, 60 in Hardy Roses, 44 Greenhouses of Plants and Everblooming Roses. Mail size postpaid, safe arrival guaranteed. Try us; our goods will please you and direct deal will save you money. Valuable 168-page Catalogue FREE.

The Storrs & Harrison Co.
Box 474, Painesville, Ohio

Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.

WM. F. WILLIS & CO., 134 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

trained to come home at the proper time by providing them regularly with food and salt in their home quarters—that is, in the sheds built for their accommodation.

The Angora a Hardy Animal

The fact that Angoras are very hardy does not imply that they should be neglected, and the circumstance that they are able to live on bushes and briers does not mean that they should not have other kinds of food at times. Care will produce with them results as marked as with other domesticated animals. Shelter is necessary during wet spells, though dry cold does no harm except to the very young kids. When the kids are two or three weeks old they will frolic in the snow when the mercury is at zero, and will sleep with apparent comfort in an open shed. The dense covering of the Angora is an efficient protection, but when soaked with rain it is a cause of danger. The goats will never get wet if they can avoid it, and they will always seek shelter at night or during a storm. They are said to be excellent barometers, being able to foretell stormy weather, and they will run miles to avoid a rain.

Angoras should not be left on the range or in the pasture over night. They should have a dry place to sleep in, else they will get rheumatism in the knees. The sheds must be of ample size, so as to give abundance of room and the goats must not be huddled together under any circumstances. If crowded, they will pile up on top of one another, and some of the under ones will die of suffocation. In summer a shelter should be provided to protect them against the sun, and for this purpose large trees are better than a shed, if available.

The goats eat leaves in summer and soft twigs in winter, and if there is a sufficient abundance of either they will not require anything else to sustain life. But such conditions exist only in certain localities, and elsewhere it is requisite to supply other food. They are fond of straw and fodder of any kind. In the absence of browse they must have grain, and oats are best for the purpose. In Texas at the present time some of the largest raisers of Angoras feed cottonseed to the animals by scattering it upon the snow, so that they will have exercise in picking it up. During the winter, corn fodder, clover and alfalfa hay should be furnished. Everything must be absolutely clean, inasmuch as no animal is more particular about its food than the Angora. Though ever so hungry, he will not eat that which has been soiled or trodden under foot. The goats require salt, and this should be supplied in the shape of rock salt, placed in a box elevated above the ground.

Mr. George F. Thompson, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, by whom a comprehensive bulletin on the Angora goat will be published shortly, says that the Angora is a beast with a future in this country. The Angora wears literally a golden fleece, and, with his value for other purposes, there is every reason why his culture should be encouraged and pushed to the utmost practicable point. He represents an undeveloped industry of immense importance, which in time to come will put millions of dollars annually into American pockets.

Exposure Fatal to the Little Ones

Angora kids are very delicate during the first two or three days of their life, and require good care at that period. They will die from very little exposure or neglect, being less hardy even than lambs for the first few weeks. When, however, they are big enough to follow the flock they are stronger than lambs of like age, and are able to take care of themselves very well.

If the kids are born on the range or in the pasture they must be carried home immediately, and special care must be given to see that their mothers are made to acknowledge them. Often it happens that a doe refuses to "own" her offspring, as the phrase is, and this makes much trouble. Although a lamb will follow its maternal parent very soon after birth, a doe may hide her kid in the bushes, or behind a stone or log, and leave it there while she goes away to feed, and on her return she expects to find it where she left it.

Angoras are usually clipped by hand, but machines for the purpose have come into use which will shear about ten goats an hour. Owing to the extraordinary cleanliness of the animal, the fleece does not require washing before clipping. Indeed, it comes off in such admirable condition that, for the weaving of certain kinds of fabrics, it does not have to undergo any process before being spun.

FINAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

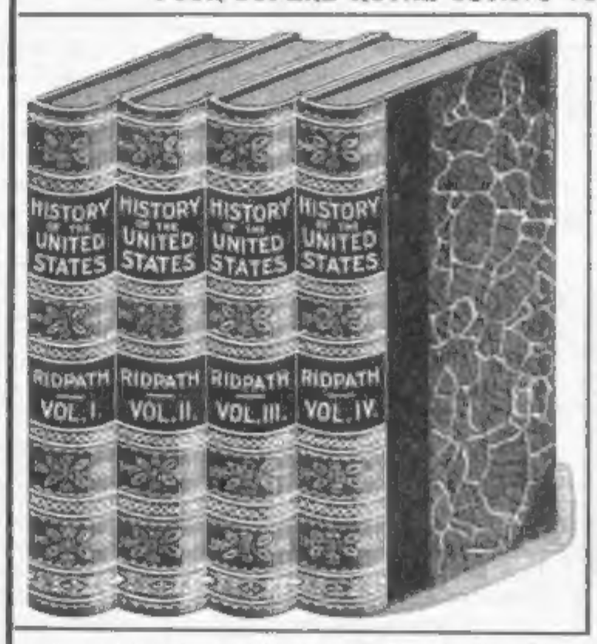
To The Saturday Evening Post Readers

The New Imperial Edition of

At Half-Price
To The Saturday Evening Post Readers

Ridpath's History of the United States

FOUR SUPERB ROYAL OCTAVO VOLUMES. REVISED TO DATE



A LIMITED NUMBER OF SETS

Are offered to The Saturday Evening Post readers at this price

NO AMERICAN home, however obscure and humble, can afford to be without some readable, authentic, and patriotic narrative of the struggles and triumphs of that land whose name has become, in all the world, the synonym of liberty. Such a work is Dr. Ridpath's **Popular History of the United States.** It is a compendium of the stirring facts of our history woven into a narrative so as to leave an ineffaceable impression on the mind of the reader. Thousands of the readers of Dr. Ridpath's work have borne witness to **its unfailing and absorbing interest.**

Reads Like a Romance

Includes the Spanish-American War

Only 50 Cents Required

OUR OFFER:

The work is superbly bound in half-calf, gilt tops, the most elegant of bindings; the type is large and clear, and printed upon the highest quality of heavy vellum-finished paper. Illustrations, colored maps, and charts, richly embellish the work. **To those who accept this offer within thirty days, the set will be sent, prepaid, on payment of 50 cents, balance payable in ten monthly payments of $1 each. Books can be returned within ten days, and money refunded, if not found satisfactory.**

An Easy Way to Secure a Matchless Set of Books that Should Be in Every American Home

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HENRY G. ALLEN & Co., 150 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

I accept your Special Offer to the Post readers of Ridpath's History of the United States, and enclose 50 cents as initial payment. Send full particulars, and, if satisfactory, will order the set, otherwise the 50 cents is to be returned to me.

.....

.....

America's Greatest Historian

Dr. Ridpath needs no introduction to the American public; his name is a household word, and his history stands unequaled among all works of a like kind, giving the real substance of many exhaustive histories within the compass of a single work.

Henry G. Allen & Co. Pubs.
150 Fifth Avenue, New York

TWO REMARKABLE BOOKS

IN THE

Name of a Woman

A ROMANCE

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Illustrated by D. Murray Smith.

The hero is a diplomat, half Roumanian and half English, who has been sent to Bulgaria by the latter government to keep track of Russian intrigues. He becomes involved in the local revolutionary movements, and a series of adventures, fascinating in the last degree, are the result.

Mr. Marchmont's previous novels have been very successful, and over 60,000 copies of "A Dash for a Throne" and "By Right of Sword" have been sold.

In this present novel the author reaches the highest degree of literary excellence that he has yet attained.

12mo, cloth, $1.50

With Christ at Sea

A PERSONAL RECORD OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES ON BOARD SHIP FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

By FRANK T. BULLEN

Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

"To Mr. Bullen's new book only a strong word can do justice. Let it be bought by every secular and religious library, by every Sunday-school and missionary library, by every Seamen's library; bought by men and women to read, to keep and to give away; bought for its pictures of the sea and of sailor life; bought for its expert testimony on questions of shipping sailors and of their treatment ashore and afloat; bought for the good it is bound to do; bought because it is a just book by a remarkable man, once a profane and vicious sailor, now a Christian, walking worthy of the gospel, and a writer of wonderful power."—*The Sailors' Magazine.*

12mo, cloth, $1.50

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., 5 and 7 East 16th St., New York

I keep old friends and add new ones every day.

SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'.

Send for free booklet "Tooth Truths."

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

Books at Liberal Discounts

When calling please ask for MR. GRANT
Whenever you need a book, address MR. GRANT

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Room 32 W. 42d Street, New York
(Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.)

Far From Chilling Winds

Tours to Florida under the Personally Conducted System of the Pennsylvania Railroad cover from two weeks to three months in the balmy peninsula. For full information address

GEO. W. BOYD, Asst. Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Philadelphia

Save Your Eyes

We will send this adjustable table lamp to any address in the U. S., express prepaid, upon receipt of . . $2.95

—Concentrate the rays of light where light is needed—by using an

ESPERSEN

Adjustable Shade Lamp

Adapted to use at any desk, table, piano, typewriter, bench, etc., where incandescent electric light is obtainable. Increases light 50 per cent. Adjustable to any position. Completely shades the eyes.

This complete lamp, express prepaid to any address in the U. S., upon receipt of $2.25

Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price List, FREE. Address

PACIFIC ELECTRIC COMPANY

Ave. G, La Crosse, Wisconsin U. S. A.

You Hear!

When you use

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.

104 Trust Building, Louisville, Ky.

20TH CENTURY ELECTRO-VAPOR LAUNCHES

Will be used exclusively at the Pan American Exposition because they are the best. They are elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable and **Fully Guaranteed.** Stock sizes 15 to 30 ft. **$150** buys a Launch this year. Send 10c. for handsome catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes, etc. Order now; avoid spring rush.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Box P, Racine, Wis.

For PERSONAL COMFORT

Use the Improved Washburne Patent Cuff Holders. They cannot slip. Instantly released. By mail, 20 cents the pair. Catalogue of scarf holders and other novelties made with Washburne Fasteners, Free.

AMERICAN RING CO.

Box 93, Waterbury, Conn.

"The Paradise of the Pacific"

The Pennsylvania Railroad Personally Conducted Tour of February 14 to California affords a splendid opportunity to visit the American Riviera. For itinerary and full information, address

GEO. W. BOYD, Asst. Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Philadelphia

BOYS' PAPER FREE. If you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you "The Star" for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published.

Address, with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 28, Oak Park, Ill.

Society Women in Business

(Concluded from Page 7)

woman and brought all her tact and influence to making it a success, but it never was.

Miss Margaret Astor Chanler is the latest accession from the millionaire set in New York. She has gone regularly into trained nursing as a pursuit. She comes from a family that seems to wish to do something in the world. One brother, William Astor Chanler, is a member of Congress, and another, who married Miss Amelie Rives, was a brilliant lawyer. She volunteered for the Spanish War as a nurse, and became so infatuated with the work that she adopted it as an occupation. Miss Wheeler, of Philadelphia, did the same, going to the Philadelphia Hospital. She belongs to a very fine old Quaker family and is a sister of the Countess Pappenheim. She has married Doctor Norris, a physician, who is a member of another old Quaker family. Miss Marian Wood, one of the most vivacious of the young set of the same city, has also entered upon hospital work.

Miss Julia Rush, whose ancestor was the famous Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia, and whose ancestress, by marriage, was that great personality—Madame Rush—has a school for very young children in Philadelphia. Miss Rush is an intimate friend of that delightful social leader, Mrs. Alexander Rensselaer. She does not let her business interfere with her society life, and is always seen at the Assembly, the smart dinners and the private cotillons of the gay season.

Schools for Little Aristocrats

Mrs. Charles Farnum has also been most successful in her school. It is near South Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, in the very heart of the aristocracy, and the tiny pupils have as exclusive a social position as members of the Assembly. Mrs. Farnum is the daughter of Bishop Whipple. She took this school out of the hands of her daughter, Miss Nellie Farnum, who began it at the height of her social career, but gave it up to become Mrs. Russell Davenport, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. John Madison Taylor, another Philadelphia woman, who as Miss Emily Drayton was a great belle and is now the mother of a belle, has been very successful in miniature painting. Her last work was painting two miniatures of the President and Mrs. McKinley. They sat for her at the White House.

Miss Caroline Gordon, of Atlanta, is a recent addition to the ranks of business women in the South. She is the youngest daughter of the famous Confederate cavalry leader, General John B. Gordon, and is considered one of the most brilliant and popular members of that gay Southern life bounded by White Sulphur and New Orleans. She gives drawing-room and stage entertainments at so much admission. Her specialty is singing the truly remarkable old folk songs of the slaves of the early South. She also tells darky stories. It is said by the students of folklore that her contributions to this science through the hymns she sings are a matter of no little importance to the literary world.

What are the famous social organizations of Philadelphia and New York, Charleston and New Orleans, who make it their boast that they exclude all tradespeople from membership, going to do? For the flower of aristocracy seems to be going into trade!

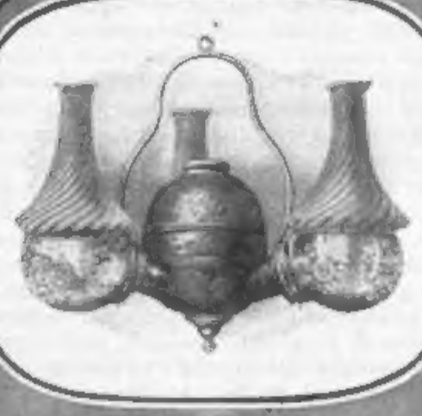
Miss Jennie Wilde, of New Orleans, is supporting herself in a novel way; she designs and superintends the gorgeous parade and ball of Comus in the French-American city. Comus is the most exclusive of the Carnival organizations, and its parade and ball on the eve of Lent is considered the most artistic given during the annual revels.

Miss Wilde begins her work for the next year on the week following the ball. She haunts libraries, studies ancient history, keeps a collection of rare prints, and has the remarkable collection of the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans at her disposal.

She prepares a water-color sketch of each chariot and of each costume for the directors of Comus to use. She designs the costume of Comus himself; decorates the opera house for the ball, superintends the grouping of the tableaus, and designs for the jewelers all the barbaric souvenirs and the pins to be given the favored maids of honor.

Miss Wilde is a clever artist, very young, and the daughter of Richard Henry Wilde, the Southern poet, who wrote My Life is Like a Summer's Rose.

THE ANGLE LAMP



This lamp has been sold to thousands of people all over the country on an unconditional guarantee that it will be found as represented or money will be refunded. This should certainly tempt you to discard that smoky, ill-smelling affair called a lamp with which you are familiar, because you can try this lamp without a particle of risk. It never smokes, smells or gives any trouble, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, and burns about eighteen cents' worth of oil a month. It is rapidly replacing gas and electricity in many hundreds of homes, stores, offices, halls, churches, etc., with immense satisfaction and economy. Ask for Catalog K

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.
76 Park Place, N.Y.

"The light that never fails"

A Goodform Closet Set

IS A WARDROBE NECESSITY

Trousers Hanger 30c each postpaid

It saves time in putting the clothes away.
It saves time in finding them.
It keeps the clothes in perfect form, taking out all wrinkles and giving them a stylish appearance.
It saves room by doubling the capacity of a closet.

GENTLEMEN'S SET consists of 6 trousers hangers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 1 closet loop.

Price, per set, $3.00, *express prepaid.* If your dealer does not have them, remit to us.

Six Months' Trial.—Try a set, and if not perfectly satisfactory return it to us any time within six months, and we will refund your money.

Write for Free Booklet—gives complete description of ladies' set also.

CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, 96 LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO

van Houten's Cocoa

Contains more digestible nourishment than the finest Beef tea. For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper it is unequalled.

Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

THE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

COL. A. K. McCLURE
Says in the Philadelphia Times:

* * * It would be a priceless advantage for any young student aspiring to journalism to have the benefit of the training that Mr. Halstead would give in an institution organized for that purpose.

Under the Personal Direction of

MURAT HALSTEAD, the President

HON. HENRY WATTERSON
Says in the Louisville Courier-Journal:

* * * Mr. Halstead can, in a twelve-month, teach a young man that which he might not be able to discover for himself in years of unaided effort, groping in the dark. He can put upon a young man a trade-mark that will give him access to employment.

Endorsed by over 5000 Newspapers and Periodicals. Instruction through Home Study. Reporters and Correspondents, as well as men and women who desire to enter the newspaper profession, should write to us at once. Prospectus free on application. Address The College of Journalism, Perin B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.

The old Egyptian Boat did well enough on the sleepy Nile, but it is little to be compared with the splendid Lozier Launch of to-day, propelled by

THE LOZIER GAS ENGINE

Send Six two-cent stamps for catalogue.

Which is more reliable than a steam engine, and so simple to operate that there is nothing to it but "The Turn of a Wheel." The cylinder oiler automatically sprays the piston at every stroke. The hot air Jacket surrounding the Muffler furnishes warm, dry air for properly vaporizing the gasoline under all conditions of temperature or moisture. The water Jacket surrounds cylinder, cylinder head and exhaust pipe, preventing burned fingers. These are some of the exclusive features that put the Lozier Motor in a class of its own, and makes it infinitely superior to all others. Our 1901 advance catalogue tells all about it. Write for it.

THE LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 20 Water Street, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

Which?

Darkness or daylight at night? Eye strain and irritation from poor light or eye-comfort and satisfaction WITH THE

Improved Welsbach Light

And Gas-Saving Regulator?

Insist on the GENUINE Welshach — *Look for the seal* — *Look for the name*

300% More Light — *50% Less Gas*

WELSBACH COMPANY

Factories: Gloucester, N. J., and Chicago, Ill. Salesrooms in all the leading cities.

FOR SALE—ALL DEALERS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Articles and Stories Soon to Appear:

West Point

As it Was and Is

A series of bright, readable papers, depicting cadet life, as it really is, at the United States Military Academy. These articles, based on personal recollections and stories current in the Army, will enable the reader to form his own opinion as to whether the "plebe" is a persecuted person. **Plebes at West Point—Some Famous Fights—Cadets Who Have Become Famous.**

Gen. Charles King

Masters of Men

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S

New Serial

Masters of Men, a powerful romance of the new navy, will begin in an early issue of the magazine. The leading characters in this absorbing novel of adventure are a young naval apprentice and an ensign fresh from the Naval Academy.

This is the best work of the best writer of sea stories in the country.

The Outcasts

By W. A. FRASER

A striking four-part story of a buffalo-bull, the last of his herd, and an outcast dog-wolf.

The story of the passing of the buffalo is one of rare interest; and Mr. Fraser tells it as he has had it from the lips of the old-time hunters of the Northwest.

This tale will make a strong appeal to all who are fond of Nature studies, animal stories or out-of-door life.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

American Art

FOR AMERICAN HOMES. Many of our American Artists are to-day the equal of those of any country in the world. Perhaps you do not know this and are not aware of the proud position occupied in art by the youngest country in the world, ranking second only to France at the last Paris Exposition.

Know the Art of Your Own Country!

In order that you may do so, we have made a collection of the Masterpieces of twenty-five of America's greatest artists. These subjects are all copyrighted, and we own and control the copyright, so they can never become common, as they can be purchased of no one but ourselves. We employed most skilful engravers and craftsmen to reproduce these paintings by the photogravure process. Their delicate and painstaking work has preserved all the elements of tone and texture. The photogravure is the nearest approach to the painting, and this collection represents an expenditure of many thousands of dollars.

Each subject is accompanied by a fine portrait and biographical sketch of the artist.

TWO WATER-COLOR PAINTINGS—Each collection contains two genuine water-color copies of the original oil paintings. These have been done by thoroughly competent artists, each one inspected and signed by the artist who painted the original. These two paintings alone are worth more than the cost of the entire set.

DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL

Simply send us your name and address (a postal card will do) and we will forward at once circulars and full information concerning this magnificent collection; then, if you wish to examine the reproductions, we shall be pleased to send the complete portfolio absolutely without expense to you. If you do not like them, return them to us, and we will pay express charges both ways. If you decide to add them to your home, you can pay for them in cash or on easy monthly payments.

OUR SPECIAL PROPOSITION:

In order to introduce and advertise the collection, and at the same time place it within the reach of a few of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, we are organizing **American Art Club "P,"** and will send by express, prepaid, to the first One Hundred Subscribers one hundred complete sets of MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN ART for examination at just one-half the regular price.

AMERICAN ART PUBLISHING CO., 36 East 21st Street, NEW YORK

FINE ART

By the Art of Man
For the Grace
of Woman

10¢ CAKE

25¢ BOX

TOILET SOAP

Armour & Company
CHICAGO